July 13, 1929
REF. STACK 6
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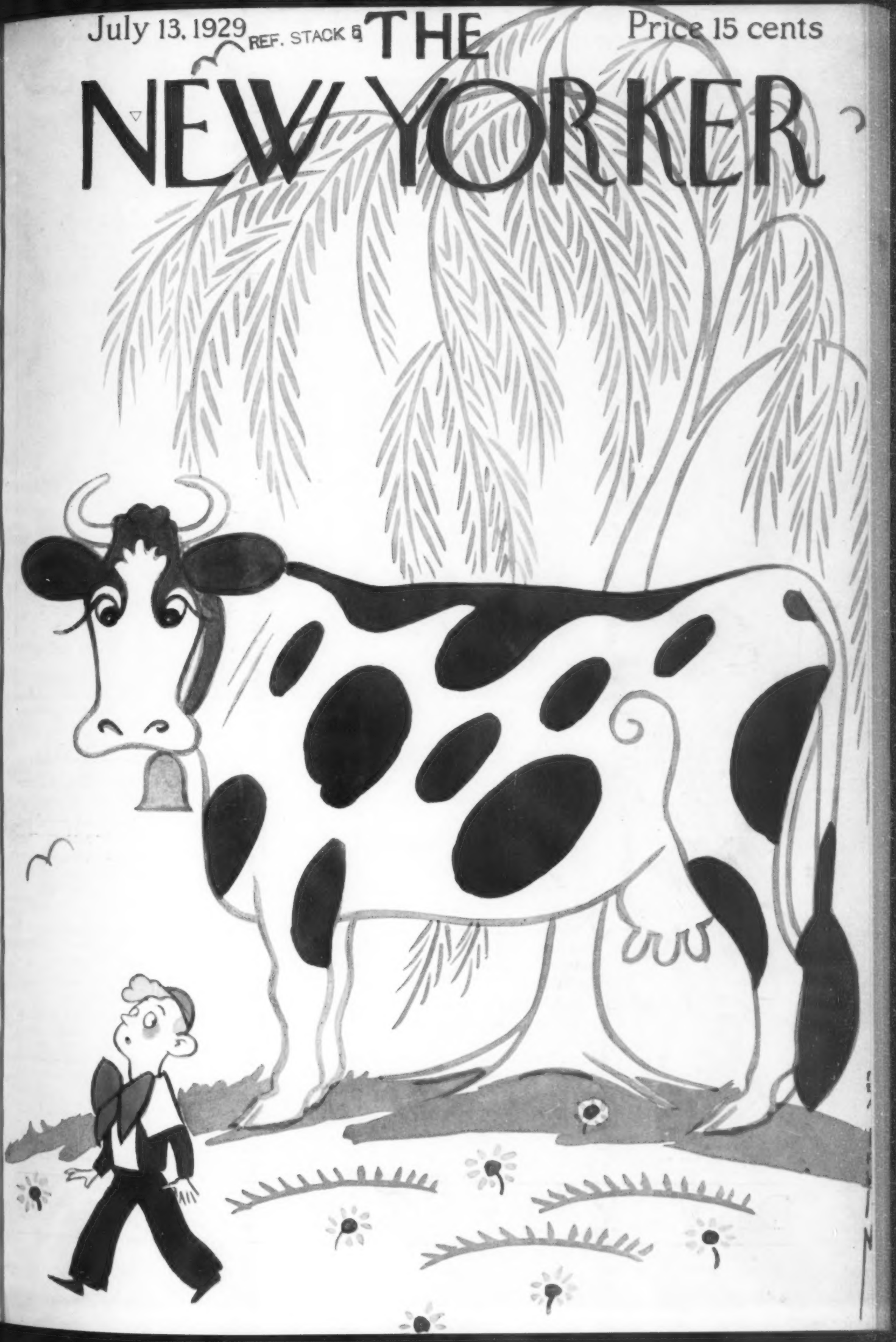
THE NEW YORKER



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A science, a philosophy, an ideal

Most people have had an instinctive love of nature, even before the time when "the groves were God's first temples." But few seemed to realize that trees were actually living, breathing things and subject to disease and death. More particularly, no one ever dreamed that anything could be done to save them.

Then John Davey came into the world; and because he was an unusual lover of nature, he chose to acquire training in horticulture.

Before his time trees were more or less generally the victims of neglect and often of abuse. John Davey conceived a great idea; he studied the sciences to provide a basis for his theories, and then worked out a systematic method of treating trees to save them. This was nearly a half century ago.

Only occasionally is a man permitted to give the world a new idea. John Davey did more than this. He created a philosophy, built around his new science and based on the essential principle that the tree is a living, breathing organism.

To him this whole thing became a great ideal. Under his forceful and devoted leadership there was developed a system of principles in practice and conduct, of business and professional ethics.

No man can continue in the Davey Organization, although John Davey has been dead six years, unless he remains true to the science, the philosophy and the ideals of the founder. You can trust Davey Tree Surgeons. They will do only those things that ought to be done in your interest.

Among prominent persons and institutions served by Davey Tree Surgeons are the following:

HON. EVANS WOOLLEN
GREENWICH, CONN.
TREE ASSOCIATION
ERLANGER COTTON MILLS
MICHAEL F. CUDAHY
KANSAS CITY PARK BOARD
SIR THOMAS TATE
RANDOLPH-MACON SCHOOL
ROBERT BACON FARM
RUTH DEAN
C. SIDNEY SHEPARD

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Father of Tree Surgery
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September Tendencies
IN NEWEST MILLINERY

A stirring foursome patterned from the most recent Paris arrivals.

Felt turban with repeated tab detail, after Mado.

✣

The wide rippled brim with off-face flare, a LeMonnier model, Dutchette soleil. Reproductions.

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Velvet beret tucked in Agnes fashion. Lines are distinctly youthful.

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Felt cloche with folded brim on one side and bi-shade grosgrain. Descat copy.

Each, at the tempting price $14.50

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Lipstick TUSSY

To offer you the mediocre would be folly. To offer you perfection is our privilege in presenting Lipstick Tussy. Lipstick Tussy is the proud creation of Lesquendieu, Europe's master-maker of finest cosmetiques. In its jewel-like case of galalithe, Lipstick Tussy holds perfect beauty for your lips. It smooths on softly, understandingly, with a breath of delicate fragrance. Lipstick Tussy is blended in eight subtle shades, to suit your every whim, to provide the perfect accent for each costume. With its utter smoothness, its delicacy, its skillful shading, Lipstick Tussy is truly the loveliest of lipsticks.

LIPSTICK TUSSY may be obtained at your favorite shop. There, too, you will find the creams, lotions, paste rouges and cream rouges that have made famous the name of Lesquendieu as the leading manufacturer of cosmetics throughout Europe. They are all made in and imported from France. Won't you let us send you the fascinating booklet on make-up, "Cosmetiques Lesquendieu." Just write to J. Lesquendieu, Inc., 683 Fifth Avenue, New York.

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COSMETIQUES LESQUENDIEU

THE NEW YORKER, published weekly by the F-R Pub. Corp., 25 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y. R. H. Fleischmann, pres.; E. R. Spaulding, vice-pres.; C. E. Brindley, sec. and treas.; R. B. Bowen, adv. mgr. Subscriptions $5.00. Vol. V, No. 21, July 13, 1929. Entered as second-class matter, February 16, 1925, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1929, by the F-R Pub. Corp.

Make this test

Do this: Cleanse with a facial cream

and this: Wipe as clean as possible

and this: Saturate cotton with Ambrosia and wipe thoroughly over the face

Sunlit, liquid Ambrosia in the patrician flat-backed bottle, at all fine drug and department stores, $1.50, $2.50, $4.50. Hinze Ambrosia, Inc., 114 Fifth Ave., New York City.

THIS TEST PROVES what medical authorities say

No doctor of standing would use anything but a liquid to cleanse the skin of a patient. He knows that grease only rubs the deep-lying dirt farther into the pores.

Penetrating instantly into the pores liquid Ambrosia floats out the dirt other cleansers have not been able to reach. This is the dirt that coarsens and ages the skin. Remove it each day with Ambrosia, and pores cleansed to their depths soon become naturally fine; the skin-texture, firm and clear.

You feel laggard blood waken to life as Ambrosia enters the pores. You know it is doing for you what nothing has done before. Yet this sunlit liquid cares gently for the most sensitive skin, is actually antiseptic and has been recommended by leading physicians for twenty-seven years. Even the odor of Ambrosia is bracingly tonic and clean.

A ONE-MINUTE FACIAL: Apply Ambrosia with cotton, repeating until a fresh pad does not show any soil. Stroke the face up until dry. In less than a minute your face is cleansed, toned, ready for powder. If your skin is dry, add a softening cream at night, but be sure to cleanse out all lingering dirt-catching particles of wax with Ambrosia next morning.

THEN notice the dirt the grease failed to remove, that liquid Ambrosia floats out at once

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS WORTH WHILE

[THIS LISTING COVERS THE NINE DAYS FROM FRIDAY, JULY 12, THROUGH SATURDAY, JULY 20. TIME GIVEN, INCLUDING TRAIN DEPARTURES, IS DAYLIGHT SAVING]

THE THEATRE

(Unless otherwise noted, it is assumed that curtains will rise at 2:30 and 8:50 P.M., for attractions listed under "PLAYS;" at 2:30 and 8:30 P.M., for those under "WITH MUSIC;" and that the midweek matinée will be given on Wednesday. E. and W. stand for East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

BIRD IN HAND—Drinkwater's gently amusing comedy about an English inn and its occupants, finely played by an English cast. (Morosco, 45, W.)

THE CAMEL THROUGH THE NEEDLE'S EYE—A gay Czechoslovakian Cinderella play entertainingly done by the Guild. Helen Westley and Henry Travers are particularly good. (Guild, 52, W. Mat. Thurs. 2:40 P.M.)

JOURNEY'S END—Strained nerves, comradeship, and death on the British front, set forth with compassion and complete understanding. Well worth seeing. (Henry Miller, 43, E. 8:30 P.M. Mat. Thurs.)

LET US BE GAY—Francine Larrimore plays a disturbing divorcée in a facile and entertaining comedy by Rachel Crothers. (Little, 44, W. Mats. 2:45 P.M.)

NICE WOMEN—Sylvia Sidney plays a smarty flapper in an undistinguished but continuously amusing comedy. (Longacre, 48, W. Mat. Thurs.)

THE PERFECT ALIBI—A. A. Milne provides the best detective play in town. (Charles Hopkins, 49, E. 2:25 and 8:25 P.M.)

STREET SCENE—The portrait of a New York tenement in an exciting and extremely important play. (Playhouse, 48, E.)

WITH MUSIC

BOMBOOLA—An all-colored musical comedy which is fair entertainment despite a weary Nordic plot. (Royale, 45, W.)

EARL CARROLL'S SKETCH BOOK—Girls, music, Will Mahoney, the Three Sailors, and more girls in a very Earl Carroll show. (Earl Carroll, 7 Ave. at 50. Mat. Thurs.)

FOLLOW THRU—Riotously gay musical comedy about golf, with good music and dancing. (46th Street, 46, W.)

GRAND STREET FOLLIES—Sharp comments on Broadway's theatrical season, and some apt impersonations by Dorothy Sands, Paula Trueman, and Albert Carroll. (Booth, 45, W.)

HOLD EVERYTHING!—Professional pugilism set to music. Swift, funny, and attractive. (Broadhurst, 44, W.)

HOT CHOCOLATES—Uneven all-colored revue, with good dancing and a few very funny sketches. (Hudson, 44, E. Mat. Thurs.)

THE LITTLE SHOW—The best summer entertainment offered so far. Clifton Webb, Libby Holman, and Fred Allen are in it. (Music Box, 45, W. Mat. Thurs.)

THE NEW MOON—A musical show threatening to go operatic; the scene is colonial New Orleans. (Imperial, 45, W.)

A NIGHT IN VENICE—Routine Shubert revue, with good low comedy by Ted Healy and his gang. (Shubert, 44, W.)

SHOW GIRL—Not quite up to the Ziegfeld standard but well worth seeing. (Ziegfeld, 6 Ave. at 54. Mat. Thurs.)

WHOOPEE—Ziegfeld sumptuousness leavened by the superb drollery of Eddie Cantor. (New Amsterdam, 42, W.)

•

HOBOKEN—Dion Boucicault's veteran melodrama, "After Dark, or Neither Maid, Wife, nor Widow," played just as it was fifty years ago, is at the Old Rialto, 118 Hudson St. (Hoboken 8088). Nightly at 8:30. Mat. Sat. only at 2:30. (Take Hudson Tubes from 6 Ave. and 33, or Cortlandt St., to Hoboken Sta., which is only a few blocks from the theatre. By motor, use Holland Tunnel, or W. 23rd St. ferry.)

VAUDEVILLE—Molly Picon, Harland Dixon, and Julius Tannen will be at the Palace Fri., July 12. Grace Hayes will be among those appearing for the week starting Sat., July 13. (Palace, B'way between 46 and 47; 2:15 and 8:15 P.M. daily; extra performance Sun. at 5:15 P.M.)

FOR DINING AND DANCING

*Better dress, but not obligatory.

AMBASSADOR, Park at 51 (Wickersham 1000)—Dinner dancing in the Italian Garden. Park Avenue and pleasant.*

CENTRAL PARK CASINO (Rhinelander 3034)—Dinner and after-theatre dancing to Leo Reisman's and Emil Coleman's orchestras in handsome Joseph Urban settings.*

VILLA VALLÉE, 10 E. 60 (Regent 0351)—The younger set enjoying Rudy Vallée's music after the theatre.*

ROOFS—Ritz-Carlton, Madison at 46 (Plaza 4600), redecorated as a Persian Garden; open for dinner and dancing until 11:30 P.M. Must dress. . . . St. Regis Roof, 5 Ave. at 55 (Plaza 4500), a magnificent view and Vincent Lopez music; open until 2 A.M. Must dress. . . . Bossert Marine Roof, Montague and Remsen Sts., Brooklyn (Main 8100), worth the trip for the harbor view. . . . Other roofs are: Astor, B'way at 44; Biltmore Cascades, Madison at 43; Mc Alpin, B'way at 34; Park Central, 7 Ave. at 55; Pennsylvania, 7 Ave. at 33. Roosevelt Grill, Madison at 45, isn't a roof, but is cool and airy.

BROADWAY ATMOSPHERE—Among the night clubs of this type staying open in summer: Chateau Madrid, 231 W. 54, with a roof that slides back on hot nights; and Casanova Roof, 134 W. 52, where you will find Frances Williams.

GREENWICH VILLAGE—With that certain touch, and not very expensive: The Blue Horse, 21 E. 8; and Mori's, 144 Bleecker.

HARLEM—The most low-down and amusing places do not welcome unknown whites, but you will enjoy The Cotton Club, Lenox Ave. at 142; Connie's Inn, 7 Ave. at 131; and Small's, 7 Ave. at 134. Go very late.

•

JUST-OUT-OF-TOWN—A few of the better-known roadhouses within an hour's drive of Times Square are: Ben Riley's Arrowhead Inn, Riverdale Ave. at 246, dancing and refreshments on the terrace; open until 2 A.M. . . . Pavillon Royal, Merrick Rd., Valley Stream, L. I., featuring Abe Lyman and his Californians; open until 2 A.M. . . . Show Place, Merrick Rd., Valley Stream, L. I., Texas Guinan's summer home. . . . Coney Island tourists might try: Feltmans' Maple Garden, Surf Ave., Coney Island; and Villepigue's Inn, Ocean Ave., Sheepshead Bay.

MOTION PICTURES

(All-talking unless otherwise noted.)

ALIBI—The underworld and its ways again. Expertly and dramatically photographed, and exciting enough for anyone. (Rialto,

(Continued on page 6)

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THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 45TH STREET
BRYANT 6300

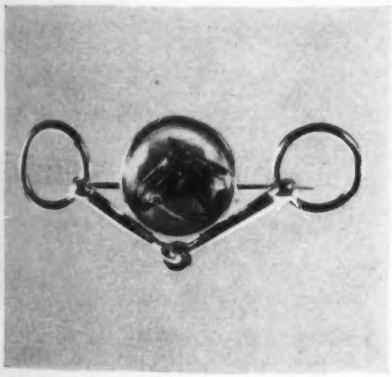
IN THE SPORTING MANNER FOR THE SPORTSWOMAN

THE very jewels that seem most becoming with certain informal costumes have a way of looking rather at odds with casual tweeds or linens. And knowing this, women often have denied themselves the happy accent of appropriate jewelry, rather than risk appearing overdressed for sports.

But in these modern sporting crystals, smart women have found jewelry in the sporting manner, designed distinctly for the sportswoman. Ornaments quite correct in the paddock, on the green, by the shore and even in the most remote Canadian woods.

You will find them bearing subjects reflecting the fairway, the shoot and other sporting scenes . . . amazingly lifelike golfers, hunters and polo players very much in action, or striking images of furred and winged and finny members of the animal kingdom.

All are carved and painted in the hearts of clearest crystal domes mounted in unusual brooches, hat ornaments, bracelets and pendants for sporting wear. Special commissions for this jewelry, depicting particular animals or sports, can always be arranged through this house.



A crystal holding the carved and painted image of a horse's head is the central feature of this attractive brooch. The price is $75.

An interesting brooch in the form of a hunter's bugle. A pink-coated hunter and his mount are shown taking a sporty jump. The price is $100.

This unusually large crystal forms a pendant, striking for its simplicity. The price is $250. . . . The bracelet, mounted with five exquisitely carved crystals showing the heads of horses, foxes and a hound, is priced at $450.

WM. ELDER MARCUS, JR. JEWELERS CHAPIN MARCUS

MARCUS & COMPANY

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Fifth Avenue at Forty-fifth Street, New York London Paris Palm Beach Bombay

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

[THIS LISTING COVERS THE NINE DAYS FROM FRIDAY, JULY 12, THROUGH SATURDAY, JULY 20. TIME GIVEN, INCLUDING TRAIN DEPARTURES, IS DAYLIGHT SAVING]

(Continued from page 4)

7 Ave. at 42; performances continuous from 9:45 A.M.)

BULLDOG DRUMMOND—A diverting tale of various horrors, with especially good photography to heighten the effects, and Ronald Colman as the young hero. (Apollo, 42, W. of B'way; 2:45 and 8:45 P.M.)

CHARMING SINNERS—Movie version of Somerset Maugham's "The Constant Wife," admirably played by Ruth Chatterton. (Paramount, B'way at 43; Fri., July 12; performances continuous from 11 A.M.)

THE FOUR FEATHERS—Worth while for a few fine African scenes. Silent. (Criterion, B'way at 44; 2:45 and 8:45 P.M.; Sun., 3, 6, and 8:45 P.M.)

THUNDERBOLT—Another good underworld picture, with George Bancroft as the genial gang-leader. (Rivoli, B'way at 49; performances continuous from 10 A.M.)

THE TRIAL OF MARY DUGAN—Norma Shearer tells the whole truth and nothing but the truth in a talkie of the popular melodrama. (Lexington, Lexington at 51; Sat., July 20; performances continuous from 1 P.M.)

Also recommended, if you run across them: "The Cocoanuts," uproarious comedy by the Brothers Marx, but the music and dancing are nothing much; "Madame X," devised from the famous heartbreak drama, and beautifully acted by Ruth Chatterton.

ART

DECORATION—Another show of what is called Modern Art, for home use: Contempora Exposition of Art and Industry, Art Center, 65 E. 56. Open weekdays, except Sat., 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.

IMPRESSIONISTS—Masters of the French school: Durand-Ruel, 12 E. 57. Open weekdays, except Sat., 9 A.M. to 5 P.M.

INTERNATIONAL—Some of the American left wing, with foreigners of a kindred spirit: Neumann, 9 E. 57. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sat. until noon.

MODERNS—Examples of the good painters, European and American, all living: New York University, 100 Wash. Sq. E. Open weekdays 9 A.M. to 9 P.M.; Sat. until 5 P.M.

SUMMER SHOW—Some unknown natives and foreigners: Brooklyn Museum, Eastern P'kway. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sat. until 6 P.M.; Sun. 2 to 6 P.M. (Take B'way-7 Ave. subway to Eastern P'kway-Brooklyn Museum Sta.)

NOTE—The exhibit of contemporary American decorative art at the Metropolitan Museum will continue through the summer. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sat. until 6 P.M.; Sun. 1 to 6 P.M.

MUSIC

GOLDMAN BAND—Concerts daily at 8:45 P.M.: Mon., Wed., Fri., and Sun. Eves. on Central Park Mall. . . . Tues., Thurs., and Sat. Eves. on N. Y. U. Campus. (Take East side-Jerome Ave. subway to N. Y. U.-Burnside Ave. Sta. and walk two blocks west to University Ave.)

STADIUM CONCERTS—Philharmonic-Symphony, Van Hoogstraten conducting; nightly at 8:30 P.M. (Note: Beethoven's Ninth Symphony, with soloists and chorus, will be played Wed. and Thurs. Eves., July 17 and 18.): Lewisohn Stadium, Amsterdam Ave. at 136. (Take B'way subway or Bus No. 3.)

STARLIGHT OPERA—Outdoor opera, "Rigoletto," Thurs., July 18, at 8:30 P.M.: Starlight Stadium, Bronx River at 177. (Take Bronx Park subway to E. 177 St. Sta.)

ON THE AIR

GOLDMAN BAND—Concerts on N. Y. U. Campus broadcast Sat. Eves., July 13 and 20, at 8:45 P.M., over WJZ.

SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA—Shilkret conducting: Sat. Eves., July 13 and 20, at 9 P.M. over WEAF.

CHAMBER MUSIC—Quartet of old-world instruments: Sun., July 14, at 2:30 P.M., over WEAF.

STADIUM CONCERTS—Philharmonic-Symphony, Van Hoogstraten conducting: Sun., July 14, at 8:30 P.M., and Tues., July 16, at 9:30 P.M., over WOR.

LIGHT OPERA—Victor Herbert's "Princess Pat:" Sun., July 14, at 10:15 P.M., over WJZ. . . . Gilbert and Sullivan's "Princess Ida:" Mon., July 15, at 11 P.M., over WEAF. . . . Romberg's "My Maryland." Act I: Fri., June 19, at 9:30 P.M., over WJZ.

RUSSIAN CATHEDRAL CHOIR—Sun., July 14, at 11:30 P.M., over WEAF.

PAUL WHITEMAN—And his orchestra: Tues., July 16, at 9 P.M., over WABC.

SPORTS

BASEBALL—Games at Polo Grounds: Giants vs. Chicago, Fri., July 12, at 3:15 P.M., and Sat., July 13, at 3 P.M.; Giants vs. St. Louis, Sun., July 14, at 3 P.M., Mon., July 15, at 1:45 P.M. (doubleheader), Tues. and Wed., July 16 and 17, at 3:15 P.M.; Giants vs. Pittsburgh, Thurs. and Fri., July 18 and 19, at 3:15 P.M., and Sat., July 20, at 3 P.M. (Take 6 or 9 Ave. "L" or Bus No. 3.)

BOXING—Victorio Campolo, South American heavyweight vs. Arthur De Kuh: Ebbets Field, Sullivan St., just off Franklin Ave., Brooklyn, Wed. Eve., July 17; main bout about 10 P.M., preliminaries at 8:15. (Take B. M. T.-Brighton Line train, to Prospect Park.) . . . James J. Braddock vs. Tommy Loughran, light-heavyweights: Yankee Stadium, Thurs. Eve., July 18; main bout about 10 P.M., preliminaries at 8:30. (Take 6 or 9 Ave. "L" or Jerome Ave. subway.)

GOLF—Jess W. Sweetser Victory Cup tournament, Sleepy Hollow C. C., Scarborough, N. Y., Fri. and Sat., July 12 and 13. . . . Metropolitan Open Championship, Lido C. C., Long Beach, N. Y., Thurs. through Sat., July 18-20.

HORSE SHOW—Fairfield County Hunt Club Show, Westport, Conn., Thurs. through Sat., July 18-20.

POLO—Final matches of Meadow Brook Club tournament play, Sat. and Tues., July 13 and 16, at 5:30 P.M., weather permitting. (Train leaves Penn Sta., L. I. R. R., at 3:59 P.M.) . . . Play at Fleischmann Field, Port Washington, L. I., every Sun. Aft. at 4. (Train leaves Penn. Sta., L. I. R. R., at 2.24 P.M.) . . . Play for the Junior Championship will start at the Rumson Country Club, Rumson, N. J., Wed. July 17.

RACING—Empire City track, Yonkers; races weekdays at 2:30 P.M. (Special trains leave Grand Central at 1:20 and 1:44 P.M.)

TRACK—International Intercollegiate Meets: Oxford-Cambridge vs. Yale-Harvard, Soldiers' Field, Cambridge, Mass., Sat., July 13, at 2:30 P.M. . . . Oxford-Cambridge vs. Cornell-Princeton, Travers Island, N. Y., Sat., July 20, at 2:30 P.M.

YACHTING—Championship races on Long Island Sound: Indian Harbor Y. C., Greenwich, Sat. Aft., July 13; Larchmont Y. C., Sat. Aft., July 20.

NOTE—Two of the best pools in town are located in the Shelton, Lexington at 49 (open until 11 P.M.), and the Park Central, 7 Ave. at 55 (open until midnight). The pool in the Barbizon, Lexington at 63, is for women only.

To men and women who have sizable estates

YOU would be interested in a plan which would save you money on taxes or which would make the handling of your financial affairs easy and automatic and eliminate any doubt of the future for yourself and your family.

You must feel that trust arrangements are sometimes desirable. Yet you do not know *definitely* whether you need an insurance trust, a living trust, or a testamentary trust, unless your estate has been analyzed and measured for trust service.

And neither do we!

That is just the reason we have prepared a twenty-eight-page book entitled, "*A Service of Estate Analysis.*"

Read the column at the right, then send for a copy *today*.

Here are some of the things covered by this book

1. An outline of the preliminary survey which we make of estate problems brought to us for our study and suggestions. *This survey contains:*

.... some valuable suggestions for the man who feels that his estate is inadequate for his family's needs.

.... estate analysis—which helps you determine from your own circumstances the type or types of trusts which should be created to adequately cover your individual requirements.

.... suggestions concerning estate management and conservation, showing how you can be relieved of this constant responsibility and worry.

.... the story of one estate and how its problems were solved.

.... our method of reporting the results of our preliminary survey to an estate owner.

2. How we make recommendations based upon the findings developed by our survey.
3. A tabulation of the information available at our offices concerning all phases of estate creation, conservation and management, to help the busy man study these phases in the light of his own estate before consulting his lawyer and trust company.
4. Some facts that will aid you in the selection of a business manager for your estate.
5. Some important factors in the investment policies of your trustee which should be considered.
6. Some general qualifications to look for in your trustee.

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A Solution
Of the Hosiery Question

HIS an old campaigner with lively recollections of many a forced march, the Major has naturally a keen appreciation for good hosiery:

Realizing this, the alert shop assistant has aroused his interest in the unusual collection of fine hose recently received from Scotland and France by Saks-Fifth Avenue comprising French lisles with the new wide vertical stripe—a French lisle with a fine broken circular stripe—a combination of silk and wool carrying a circular pencil stripe—and a very sheer silk evening sock with an open work clock—also from France.

SAKS-FIFTH AVENUE

NEW YORK

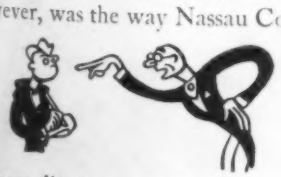
THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

THE mysteries of city politics will never be cleared up for us, and we hope they never are. With Tammany beyond our ken, life is romantic. We've just learned, for example, that the comptroller is traditionally a Brooklyn Protestant. Mr.

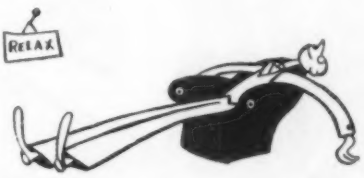
Berry, the incumbent, has moved from Brooklyn to Staten Island, "and this," says the *World*, "in the face of a good record, makes him unsuitable for another term." In other words, to be a good comptroller, you've got to stay in Brooklyn and make a bad record. In the case of Julius Miller, there is opposition to reëlecting him borough president of Manhattan because he has served two terms, and made a good record. Evidently Tammany doesn't want anybody in office who knows, by long experience, where the holes in the pavement are. We were counting on Julius Miller to get us out of Fifty-seventh Street and Sixth Avenue, alive though terribly mangled.

THE news that Wilmer Stultz was drunk when he crashed was disturbing. What disturbed us more, however, was the way Nassau County's



assistant district attorney made an occasion of the affair. The brisk attorney announced, through the wide-eyed press, that he would start an immediate investigation into "crime;" he said he would determine whether it was possible to buy a drink around Roosevelt Field. The absurdity of his hullabaloo is apparent. Even attorneys must know that liquor is obtainable anywhere, anytime. Stultz was a good pilot, and everybody is sorry he died the way he did. Somehow even that tragedy is less saddening than the peculiar irrelevancies of district attorneys who choose opportune moments for red-hot investigations.

FROM time to time we feel we ought to have a message to the world. We're getting along in years, and ought to have some convictions about things. We've been considering giving out a thundering one-word message to mankind: "Relax." If everybody simply decided to take it easy,



there would be no more hard feelings, no more wars, not so much scrambling in general, and people would have time to sit around and think. We have concluded, however, that to relax is not quite feasible, largely on account of the intense vital relaxation that goes on all around one. We have investigated the situation on recent weekends. Every time we started to relax, we found that the indicator read sixty-two miles an hour, or seventeen hundred and fifty r. p. m., or three thousand feet, or that something got in the way like the Bear Mountain Bridge. We found that over the Fourth of July the national relaxation reached a new high pitch of intensity.

A NEW two-cent stamp has come out. It contains a picture of a mazda lamp. It celebrates, a folder tells us, the golden jubilee of the electric light, plus latterday progress. We doubt it. The world, examined

calmly, seems to us much the same as it was as far back as we can remember, and farther. The last-minute headlines in the *Journal* are just what they were when we were a youngster. Trains did sixty-eight miles an hour in 1848. The Majestic crossed in less than six days in 1891. Airplanes now look just as they did when we first saw a swarm of them in a 1910 sky. No movie is as amusing as the pillow fight of 1896 in which the feathers flew back into the pillow; no candy today can touch the colored paper rolls they sold in the Mall in 1895. The electric locomotive goes back to 1851, the phonograph to 1877, the tack machine to 1806. Peter Cooper built a metal frame building and left a hole in it for the uninvented elevator—and that was long enough ago so that Abe Lincoln was able to make a speech in the building. The average age of the trolley car, the linotype, the adding machine, the telephone, and the typewriter, is forty-eight years. Even the motor car dates to Selden's motor in 1879. The truth is there is nothing new. There is nothing but multiplication and a general slowing up from the clutter. Sometimes, in the face of such stagnation, we feel inclined to create a real invention ourself—one,

perhaps, that will make all the others answer the questions "Where?" and "Why?" (as yet unanswered). We can't though. Haven't the time.

Obituary

ONE of the goldfish in the lobby of the Paramount Theatre died last week. The body was discovered by a patron of the theatre. The ushers formed a cordon around the pool while one of their number removed the corpse and made off with it. The goldfish is said to have started on a shoestring.

Neo-Tammany

THE old Tammany Hall was probably the dingiest important ruin in the city. Some time before it was torn down, we wandered, unmolested, up its wide sagging stairways, to stand alone and desolate in the great auditorium. The two so-called bronze gladiators, which we recently revealed to have been just so much sand and spelter, stood guard over the bareness—a little apprehensively, we know now. Remains of rye-bread sandwiches lay under the seats and against the walls. The halls smelled vaguely of ancient glory and of modern dances.

The new hall, three blocks north, does not sag anywhere, and it smells different—it smells of library paste—but our visit there last week was much the same as our visit to the old hall. We wandered all over the three floors of the new building without seeing anyone. It was a busy hour, too, just before noon. Since there have been malicious intimations of Tammany dwelling in marble halls, and so on, all caused by the Society's temporary move to Park Avenue, we were prepared for some ostentation on the interior and perhaps a touch of magnificence. The exterior, of course, is sturdy and in the best American tradition. There was a report some time ago that the brick was "small-sized Harvard brick," which seemed fairly snooty, but Thompson, Holmes & Converse, the architects, cleared that up by announcing that the bricks are an exact copy of those used in the walls of Monticello, Thomas Jefferson's fine old plain blunt house at Charlottesville. There is a bit of a balcony overlooking Union Square, but not so much the sort of balcony that you see at Versailles as the kind John Jay stood on when the populace threw bricks at him for signing a treaty with England—a good old early American balcony.

"My shoulders are terribly sunburned."
"That's nothing—you ought to see my legs."

The offices, on the second floor, are decorous, but honest—no nasty nice niches. The auditorium in the rear is plain and blunt and considerably depressing. No sandwiches, however, and no false gladiators. We wandered, still without seeing anyone at all, into the main lounging or club-room on the third floor, which has a splendid view of the automobiles parked in Union Square. There seems to be no reason anyone couldn't just walk up there and lie down and rest, or even sleep. Women who are shopping in the region, and whose feet begin to kill them, might remember this. The furniture is nothing to write *House & Garden* about. The chairs, true, are of leather, but inexpensive, we should say. They smell like the footballs that used to come with children's suits. There are four chandeliers in the room, but not crystal chandeliers. They are the sort of overhead cluster of plain shaded bulbs which no modern wife, Democrat or Republican, would have in her house. Tammany thus can't be accused of putting in a luxurious lounging-room for the sheer purpose of relaxing in it and letting the government go. There is no hint of the Versailles softness anywhere. To be sure, there is some marble here and there, but of the sanitary, reasonable kind. Many of the doorways cry out to be recognized as plain blunt Gothic. We saw two Ionic columns, but no Corinthians. The whole place is plain and blunt and a little dull. We lay down on a pretty stiff davenport for a few minutes, but couldn't sleep.

Unsung

LIBBY, MCNEILL & LIBBY, producers of the famous Libby, McNeill & Libby canned fruits, vegetables, and corned beef, have a radio hour. Not to be outdone by other hours, it also has an impressive name, being the Around the World with Libby Hour. The company carefully censors all programs which its radio department gets up for this hour, and thus recently instructed that the song "Honolulu Tomboy"—selected for a forthcoming hour—might be used instrumentally, but not sung. This is because the lyric contains the following lines:

She is my dear little, sweet little
Honolulu tomboy;
She lives on fish and Poi Nui Nui Moe
Moe Pe He A Oe.

Libby, McNeill & Libby want people to live on fruits, vegetables, and corned beef, and have never canned fish or Poi Nui Nui, etc.

With Mallet

THE populace, whose uproar against the Casino in Central Park has died down except for occasional mutterings in the outer boulevards, now has another grievance. People can no longer stand about and watch the members of the Union Croquet Club play croquet on the south end of the sheep meadow in the Park.

This is in line with the keep-off-the-grass policy up there, and really does not mean that the croquet players are aristocrats seeking special privileges. Most of the club members are physicians and clergymen, mild and not arrogant. They play an adroit, quiet game, the old split-shot, or whamming of a rival's ball out of the lot, not being allowed.

The Union Club is the second oldest of five croquet clubs in the metropolitan area, being forty-five years old—the Brooklyn Croquet Club goes back fifty-three years. The other three are the Prospect Park, the Long Meadow, and the Manhattan. All were formed in the heyday of excitement over croquet. The last of the original charter members of the Union, Mr. John H. Welch, died but recently. He took up the game in 1884, as a gesture of devil-may-care after he had been advised by his physician that he had only a few months to live. The pastime kept him alive and sturdy for almost half a century. Two outstanding players are Gleb Derujinsky, the sculptor, and Lars Gardell, a retired sea captain. (He is really a retired first mate, but the other members call him captain.) This year for the first time the club admitted a woman to membership, a Mrs. Kraigsman. She first began to play there several years ago when she was an invalid in a wheel chair. Allowed the privileges of the grounds, as a guest, she was wheeled from wicket to wicket, and made her shots by holding the mallet with both hands. Now she is well, walks around the court, and uses one hand. Each player has his own special mallet, weighing from three to seven pounds, and made by a wood-turner named Henry Bernhardt, said to be the best mallet maker in this area.

Violation

THE source of illicit firecrackers which were being shot off on the Fourth in the Spanish quarter, down by the Brooklyn Bridge, was finally traced to a small restaurant, whose name, translated, means Little Stream, or Spout. The police raided the place and found several customers sitting around sipping wine and rum. This did not throw the cops off. They stomped around, found some loose floor boards, tore them up, and discovered a box of cannon crackers. The proprietor was hustled off to the courts. The customers resumed their drinking.

Gold Tears

ALL sorts of little dramas occur in connection with the transatlantic telephone. One concerned a Swedish gentleman, who came down to the company's offices with just enough money to pay for a three-minute talk with his mother in Sweden, whom he had not seen for twenty-two years. It was her birthday, he explained, and he had been saving for some time to make the call. There was a brief wait and then suddenly his mother's voice was in his ears. "Mother!" he cried, and stopped; he couldn't get out another word, but simply wept wildly for two minutes of his precious three. What happened, when he finally pulled himself together, was that he talked five minutes, at a cost far beyond his savings. What also happened was that the phone company, when it heard his story, did not charge him for the two minutes of crying, and it all came out happily.

In the matter of business, transatlantic calls have become commonplace. A Wall Street bond house, we are told, is now the biggest user of the service. The firm frequently runs up toll bills of three thousand dollars a day talking to London, Paris, and Berlin. It uses the service daily, and that has been a problem to the telephone company, because on certain days static is so bad that it would rather not accept calls. The Wall Street firm insisted, however, that it must have a daily connection, regardless of conditions, and agreed to accept the risk of misunderstandings and failures to

hear. So far there have been few failures; on really bad days, when ordinary conversation would be unintelligible, they have recourse to a kind of code, devised by a member of the firm, by which various high-pitched shouts and yells can be made to stand for "yes," "no," "buy," "sell," and so on.

•

A TRAVELLER who heretofore has taken little stock in the legend that the Grand Central Red Caps are scholars was convinced by an incident early in the week. His porter, after cordially greeting a professional-looking gentleman who passed, turned to him and explained, "Ah had him in Organic Chemistry."

Story Without Moral

HOW Finley Peter Dunne, the author, and Charles Dillingham, the producer, made a banker out of Frank A. Vanderlip was told us the other day by a journalist—we meet a lot in this racket. All three men, as youths in the nineties, were reporters on different Chicago newspapers, their identical assignments being to go around to the hotels and interview prominent guests. Dunne, who didn't like to go around to hotels, took to writing exciting, but imaginary, interviews with interesting, but mythical, visitors. To give the articles an air of authenticity, he let Dillingham in on the plan, so that the spurious interviews were printed in both their papers. Young Vanderlip, working, much more conscientiously, for the Chicago *Tribune*, was not a party to the scheme and hence was constantly "scooped." His editor stood this just so long and then informed the young man that he was not any good as a hotel reporter. If he wished to remain on the *Tribune*, he would have to take a minor job in the financial department, where the work was more routine and less dependent on initiative. Vanderlip liked newspaper work, so he took the demotion, and became a tyro in the preparation of financial items. Before long he was made financial editor of the *Tribune*. His rise in finance after that was rapid. He met Lyman J. Gage, who recognized his genius, and when Gage became Secretary of the Treasury in 1897, he took Vanderlip to Washington as his private secretary. Shortly the young man was made assistant secretary, and before long he came to New York as vice-president of the National City Bank. By American traditions his unscrupulous rivals on the old Chicago hotel "run" should have failed. Both of them, however, later became fairly successful.

"It's no good coming here, if you want to chatter."

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Tempora et Mores

THERE are still a few ladies of the grand old school left in this modernized city who religiously pay their annual calls, with all ceremony. With them it's not routine, but ritual. One such grande dame's list includes wives of certain clergymen and professors, who merit a periodical formal visit because their families have been associated with hers. One afternoon rather early, the dowager arrived at the modest flat of one such person. In the midst of her call, the husband himself—a professor—arrived and tarried with the ladies a moment before withdrawing to correct and grade themes. It was apparent that during his presence, the fine old lady was extremely uneasy, though her hostess was at a loss to discover why until after the husband left. Then the older woman spoke, her voice quavering with shock. "That is the first time in my life," she said, "that I have ever seen a gentleman in a drawing-room before five in the afternoon."

These Americans

WHILE in Paris with her husband, Mrs. Thomas Lamont was seated, at a formal dinner, next an elderly French gentleman. To make conversation she turned to him and inquired, "Do you like Monet?" The gentleman looked puzzled and restive, but nodded. "Ah, but don't you *love* Monet?" insisted Mrs. Lamont, thinking him oddly unenthusiastic. At this he gave evidences of alarm. Then, suddenly, a look of relief spread over his face and he joined her in her ardor for Monet. He had thought at first,

it came out, that she was talking about money.

Revelry

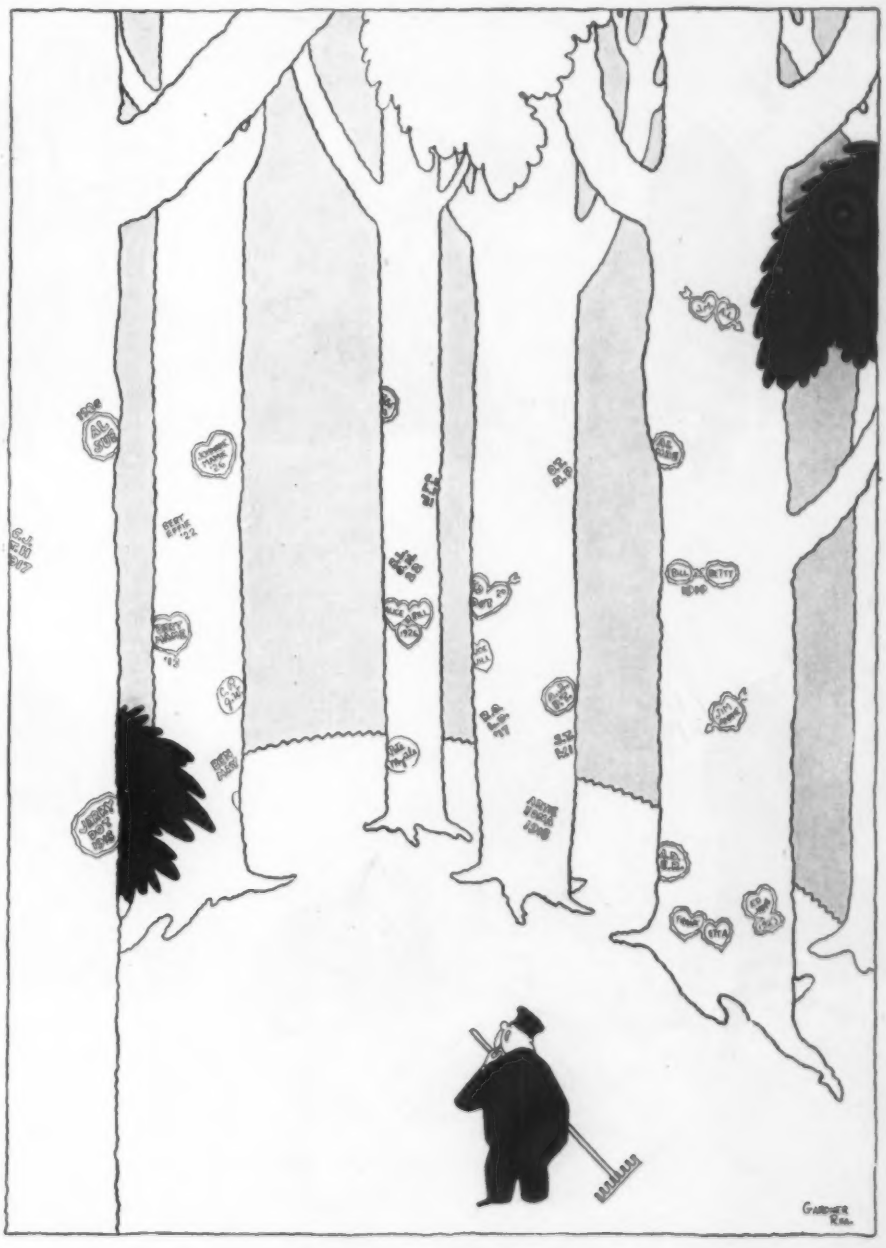
THE Revellers, of the radio and phonograph, who vaulted into fame and fortune when they originated the vo-do-deo school of ensemble singing, began as the Shannon Four, about ten years ago. They made records for modest fees and did odd jobs of singing, including church-choir work. Three of the original quartet have been together since the group was organized —Lewis James, second tenor; Elliott Shaw, baritone; and Wilfred Glenn, bass. James Melton, first tenor; and Frank Black, the pianist, joined up when the name, The Revellers, was adopted. That was in the early days of radio. They were singers for one of the very first advertising hours and the promoter thought the new name better. It was Black's odd vocal arrangements of popular songs and tricky paraphrases of more important music that first brought attention and success. They say now that the income of each is fifty thousand.

Black is regarded as one of the finest craftsmen in popular music. At one time, when with a phonograph company, by adroit instrumentation he succeeded in making an orchestra of ten men sound like a band of twenty-five. For many years he was a conductor in movie houses, where he gained prominence by his irreverent, but musically sound, orchestral transcriptions of operatic and symphonic excerpts. This led to a contract for making phonograph records and that led to his meeting with The Revellers. He agreed to become their arranger. Musical-comedy producers beseech him to arrange their music, but he will work in that capacity only as a favor to composer friends and then he only scores the songs that interest him. His judgment in picking hits is said to be uncanny. In making vocal or instrumental arrangements he does not work at a piano, being able to set down his musical thoughts on paper without the aid of any instrument. He can even carry on a conversation when immersed in an intricate transcription. His only request to visitors is that they do not whistle. As a pianist, he is startling. He can remember anything he has ever played, knows several piano concerti, and a great collection of standard music. He can play two-piano arrangements on one piano with few modifications. Black has composed a symphonic poem for full orchestra but has not submitted it for performance. He is highly critical of his own work.

The Revellers use that title only in the Palmolive Hour and on Victor records. They are also heard on the air and on discs as the Seiberling Brothers, and old records may be dug up which they made under the names Merrymakers, Singing Sophomores, and several others. As for the quartet proper, all the men have had long musical careers. Melton has operatic leanings, James is rated one of the finest oratorio singers in the country, and has appeared frequently with the Philharmonic and other symphony orchestras. Both Shaw and Glenn have won distinction in concert appearances. The Revellers' ambition is to present a serious program of representative American music, but the demands of radio and recording for popular stuff are too heavy just now.

Apéritif Hour

THE government slogans haven't done much good yet, apparently, because passers-by in East Fiftieth Street last Monday were quietly charmed to see a liveried chauffeur bear a dainty glass of liquor to a rather stout lady seated in a limousine at the curb. It was about apéritif hour. It looked like a brandy-and-Cointreau cocktail. The lady drank slowly, as one who has the free conscience of a child, sent the glass back, and waved the chauffeur on. —THE NEW YORKERS



"Gawd, wot passhun!"

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NO FORK, OR CATCH HE W

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THE WAITER'S EYE

GANG WAR, 1940

[From a Newspaper Account of that Day]

Police Commissioner McNamara today called upon William A. ("Body Squeaks") McGloin at the racketeer's suite in the Astor-Plaza, and held a long conference. He declined to discuss the nature of their conversation when he emerged at the end of an hour. "We had a very pleasant chat," the Commissioner said. This leaves the killing of Joseph Hawthorne, or Joseph Clusco, just where it was three weeks ago today, when he was found in a field in Flatbush.

Commissioner McNamara said he intended to put a stop to the rapidly growing list of witnesses and suspects, which now includes, in addition to those whose names have already been printed, Boston Sammy, Jack of Diamonds Nellihan, Mr. and Mrs. J. Carter Montgomery, Yolande Neilson, the actress, Commissioner of Records Charles E. Daul, Detective Richard Groarty, George O. ("Breathed His Last") Callahan, and Mr. and Mrs. Damon E. Prince and daughter Gloria.

"We now have some eighty or ninety suspects," said McNamara, "and that is almost enough to do us through the summer. This is by far the largest number of suspects and witnesses we have ever gathered together for a gangster murder. They have told some very interesting, though conflicting stories, and almost every suspect photographs well. I believe I may say that the rotogravure editors are well satisfied with the progress we have made." The Commissioner added that he thought the most important development today was the change in Boston Sammy's story. "Boston has maintained that he saw Hawthorne get into the automobile but did not see him being called to the telephone," said McNamara. "Now he says that he did not see him get into the automobile but that he did see him go to the telephone. Makes interesting reading."

Those close to the Commissioner believe that he intends to drop the case as soon as the total number of suspects and witnesses reaches an even hundred. It is known that McGloin has been very generous in suggesting possible suspects to McNamara, and their conference today may have been for the purpose of getting a few more good names before putting an end to the probe. Friends of McGloin say that he is about ready for the investigation to be closed. "McGloin is getting pretty tired of police interference," said one of his friends today. "His secretaries are constantly being annoyed by sergeants and lieutenants who wish interviews with him. McGloin is too busy to be a suspect and it is futile for the police to try to get him to act in that capacity. Every time he has been a suspect in a murder case, even where the victim was some rival whom McGloin had sworn to take for a ride, the investigation has come to nothing. It simply leads to bad feeling all around."

One rumor today had it that McGloin would confess if he received assurance of a good enough "break" in the newspapers. It is doubtful if he would get much attention with another confession, however, because his last three have all been much the same, ending with his repudiation of each story on the ground that he was temporarily deranged when he confessed, and the novelty has considerably worn off.

The statements of friends that McGloin is growing tired of the Hawthorne investigation tally with what the racketeer told a reporter for this paper yesterday. "I'm too greatly tied up with the Bronx beer situation to spend much more time on this probe," said McGloin. "I understand of course that Commissioner McNamara has to do something about the murderers of prominent racketeers and gamblers, but what more does he want in this case? True, I haven't confessed, but I've given the Commissioner the names of a couple dozen colorful characters to arrest, all of whom are willing to talk, one way or another. Boston Sammy alone can make up more interesting stories about seeing victims telephoning, and so on, than all the suspects put together since the Rothstein case."

It is expected in police and racketeering circles that McNamara and McGloin will compromise on dropping the case by the first of the month. McNamara has asked for a good play in the newspapers, particularly the picture-papers, on this case, and he has had it. Boston Sammy and Yolande Neilson alone have been photographed several dozen times. Miss Neilson today signed a contract with a weekly magazine to do a series of articles on "What I Know About the Man Who Killed Hawthorne." Commissioner McNamara has agreed to allow her first article to appear in print, before he questions her himself, on the ground that it would be unfair to her if her revelations were given to the newspapers, through his office, before the series of articles begins running.

"The fact that Miss Neilson's title indicates that it was a man, and not a woman, who did the shooting is interesting," said Commissioner McNamara today, in commenting on the case. "I shall eagerly await her stories, especially those in which she tells the name of the murderer. We ought to have that."

—James Thurber

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INWARD

The trees hard-planted in my brain
  Are squat and scrubby grown,
With top-boughs slanting all one way,
  Steadily wind-blown.

Some are leafed and some are thorned
  And some are dry and dead.
It is a prickly thing to feel
  Trees twisting in your head.

—Frances M. Frost

"I'm on my way to the Mauretania, aren't I, Officer?"

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THE SUMMER LABOR PROBLEM

ALL Saturday afternoon we worked in the sun. Charles cut the lawn; Edith, mounted dangerously on a kitchen ladder, clipped the hedge; in the woods behind the house Guy hacked doggedly at a tree. Everyone was damp, resentful, cautiously profane. My job, thanks to the timely inspiration that my heart might be affected by strenuous exertion, was easiest—while Colonel Driscoll went ahead pruning the roses, I followed him with a can into which from time to time I dropped rose bugs. This was not exhausting; it was even mildly interesting. The can contained kerosene to which the bugs reacted dramatically—for a moment they raced wildly through the cloudy depths, scattering the indifferent dead, then as the anesthetic caught them, their legs faltered, their hard yellow backs grew perceptibly darker, they died. My host interrupted my research.

"I always try to make my guests useful," he observed genially.

Through the trees I could see Charles plodding across the lawn behind the chattering mower. His shirt was pink and adhesive.

"'Useful?'" I said. "*I* call this fun."

"Good for people to get out in the air," said the Colonel. "Better than sitting in a stuffy room, drinking cocktails."

"Oh, sure."

Edith was visible from the garden. Hopelessly involved with the shears, she reminded me of a figure from the Laocoön. Her face was a high and dangerous scarlet.

"Puts color in your cheeks," said the Colonel.

THE intolerable afternoon ended at last. I remembered little of dinner that evening and even less of the stricken bridge we played afterwards. I met Charles on the stairs as we went up to bed.

"My God," he said, "another day like this is going to just about kill me. Mowing the lousy lawn! What in a hell has he got servants for?"

"Maybe it'll rain," I said.

"Then he'll have us washing dishes," said Charles without hope. "Why do people keep coming out to this sweatshop?"

"It puts roses in your cheeks," I said, "and besides everybody likes to know a man with ten million dollars."

I SLEPT late, and when I came down the next morning everyone was at breakfast. The Colonel's chair, however, was empty.

"Somebody murder Legree?" I asked.

"Poor Colonel Driscoll got too much sun or something yesterday," said Edith. "He had to stay in bed. He sent word by the butler though that we were to 'carry on' just as if nothing had happened."

"Which," said Guy, "was the first time any of us had ever heard anybody say 'carry on' outside of a book. Our host is a character, a strange and admirable character out of a book, and we can't let him down. We're going to 'carry on.'"

"You mean you're going to work?" I asked incredulously. They nodded.

"You're mad," I said; and, breakfast being over, I got my hat and stick and went for a walk in the woods.

THE woods were quiet and cool and it was quite late when I got

back. Coming out on the lawn, I was struck by a subtle idiocy about the landscape.

The first thing I noticed when I came to particularize was the hedge. The tall even wall of green had been whimsically clipped until it had become a leafy roller-coaster climbing and swooping along the border of the lawn. This carnival effect was enhanced by the boles of the maples shading the house, which had been striped red and white like Gargantuan peppermint sticks. More paint had been applied to the two little marble Dianas on either side of the entrance to the garden, for now they wore scarlet bathing suits and smiled all too brilliantly, all too invitingly. I was studying all this devastation when a strange creature came ambling across the lawn toward me. Its body was naked save for little geometric tufts of hair appearing here and there upon its back, and it seemed at first sight to be a poodle. A second glance, however, convinced me that I was mistaken, for it was white and larger than any poodle I had ever seen. It came quite close and I saw that at a happier time it had been a sheep. Like the hedge, it had been clipped and it seemed to be upset about it, for as it advanced it bleated and pawed the ground with its denuded legs.

I am not normally a man to be afraid of sheep, but there was something so demented, so hopeless in the gaze it fixed upon me that I turned and fled into the house.

CHARLES and Edith and Guy were sitting by the fireplace with tall glasses in their hands. They were spotted with paint, but they seemed to be at peace.

"Hello," said Charles, offering me a glass. "Well, I guess we 'carried on' all right."

"The Colonel will be delighted," I said.

Edith yawned.

"There's certainly nothing like a little work to put roses in your cheeks," she said.

—WOLCOTT GIBBS

THE WITCH, INLAND

Pure coincidences, sharp, salt-strong,
Were days she was possessed by the sea.
When the ravine cloud stayed so long,
She never doubted waves must be
Veiled in that fog: not spruce and fir.
The emerald on her wrist that shone,
Conjured sea-bottoms up to her
With shells to lay her hands upon.
Sponges dilated with the wine
That country found a matter of course:
And was the young fern's quaint design
A frond uncurled or a seahorse?
Her dreams submerged the blossomed laurel,
And she was the foam from the coral.

—GENOVA CHARLOT

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A GUIDE TO THE LAST OF THE AMERICAN BARS

Café du Dome

TWO young men are seated at two tables on the sidewalk. They have been in Paris two years. They wear berets. They are pale. They have been patined by Montparnasse. They talk across five feet of intervening space. A group of American youths, evidently just off a boat, for they wear new, gay clothes and sparkling faces, is seen crossing the boulevard.

"By Jove, look, old thing, spring is here—what?"

"I want a suit about the color of this dog's hair."

"Rot! Let's push off."

At a nearby table an Englishman with a long nose and long hair leans toward a friend:

"I knew those two were Americans."

Café de la Paix

AN American is ordering ice cream.

"What flavors you got?"

"*Fraises, framboises, pistaches.*"

"Eh? What flavors you got?"

Another American who wears a rather long mustache, and has been biting it, explodes:

"He's telling you."

"Hell, why don't they loin English?"

Zelli's Bar

THE sound of syncopated music entering through the open doors can be heard above the chatter of the serried ranks at the bar. Women there outnumber men. It is fairly early. The music wants inspiration, lacks zest. A tall blond youth, whose black tie is already a little askew, looks from one to the other of the three girls who are crowding him against the bar. One of them is straightening his cravat. There is a suggestion of concentration, the beginning of a frown on his face. He has waited a long time for something to happen. His face lights. A thought has flashed across it:

"They do things better in America, I tell you. Look at Coolidge. Look at Hoover."

Chatham Bar

A LITTLE man with shifty eyes and a habit of squinting them is seated on the edge of a chair. Next to him is a large man with very red face and hands who breathes heavily and has to lift his chin well above his collar to turn his head toward his companion:

"Where is that race today?"

"Howteel."

"Otyre? How do you spell it?"

"A-u-t-e-u-i-l."

"Hell, I wish we were back in America."

Scribe Bar

THEY sit down placing many packages in front of them and talk excitedly:

"So quiet here."

"Tea?"

"I don't know—suppose we have one of those French drinks?"

"These department stores are atrocious. And they refuse to understand, my dear, absolutely. Now I talked very slowly to that stupid salesgirl. You know I did. And—"

"*Pour Mesdames?*"

"Oh!"

"Oh!"

Looking at each other: "Two Tom Collins, please."

Harry's New York Bar

TWO Americans are seated on a bench against the wall. They look a little as though they had slept in their clothes. They are having their fifth gin fizz. The fat one gripping the thin one by the arm:

"Think of the poor fellows back home—no good liquor."

They both cry.

Coupole Bar

THE young man wears a pure, pearl-gray hat. He seems excited. He looks around jerkily. His voice is almost a whisper.

"*Gasson, parlez-vous français?*"

"*Oui, Monsieur.*"

Relief spreads over the young man's features. His voice returns:

"Well then, bring me some ham and eggs."

Dingo Bar

SOMEBODY is quietly singing over in a corner. Parts of Rowley Smart's decoration are seen through rifts in smoke. A pair are throwing poker dice on the high bar. One young boy shouts to another, across the room:

"Get any money yet?"

"No, I'm going to cable."

"I did."

"Well?"

"What the devil do the people home know about France?"

Grand Hotel Bar

THE long corridor is spotted with South Americans. Round-faced women, thin-faced men. Three are standing at the bar; for men only. Two occupy a table at the left. White spats, neatly pressed clothes, high collars. A Russian is talking very carefully to a heavy dark man in a turban. They suggest mystery.

"There's really never anyone here," says one American to another as they enter arm in arm.

Ritz Bar

"HELLO, Chester! I just saw Harry at the Bankers' Trust. Have a Bronx? I've got to meet my wife at Tiffany's, lunch at Delmonico's, golf, then rush back for tea at Sherry's. It's a great city—this Paris."

—GUIDO

"That's Orion right up there."
"Yeah?"

• •

". . . I-J-K-L-M-N-O-P . . ."

• •

OF ALL THINGS

SECRETARY MELLON refuses to consider the idea of erecting a barbed-wire fence upon the Canadian border. How would it do to install a nice long brass rail?

•

Most Methodists feel that Bishop Cannon had a perfect right to dally with the stock market. They are great believers in parsonal liberty.

•

In response to public protest the administration leaders have agreed to reduce the House duties on shoes. All God's chillun got votes.

•

The first of April next year has been decided upon as the day for taking the census. Our prophecy is that the enumerators will find us a nation of 120,000,000 humorists.

•

New York atmosphere has turned out cleaner than was feared, there being by actual count only a half-million solid particles per cubic foot. This is just enough to make a person air-conscious.

•

The ladies' garment workers are on strike. They are not to be confused with the ladies' garment wearers who have been on strike for quite a while.

•

John F. Hylan in his acceptance speech follows one sound old rule of politics. If we do it, it is public improvements; if they do it, it is saddling the city with debt.

•

A million people were seen leaving our pretty fair city on the third of July. There was a widespread impression that Commissioner Whalen was going to explain the Marlow case some more.

•

The Bell laboratories have achieved television in color. It is only a matter of time now until our southern friends can enjoy radio pictures of White House teaparties in their natural hues.

•

American disappointment with the MacDonald speech from the throne is practically keen. It does not make enough fuss over our great statesman, Charles (Long Pants) Dawes.

•

We wish President Gil luck in his efforts to abolish rum. It will not be an easy job, though, with a population largely composed of generals.

•

Secretary Good boasts that our country has increased ninety-two million in population since the birth of the Republican Party. He might have credited the ladies with an assist.

—HOWARD BRUBAKER

• •

REVELATION

My love is an equestrienne
And proudly now she paddles
About in breeks and tall tan boots
And prates of nags and saddles.
This equine jargon serves to pique
Her charming alto chatter;
But ah! her new-acquired garb
Is quite another matter!

On some, your whipcord, mole, or doe
Adds charm by its revealing;
But as to my love—I don't know—
I have a sort of feeling
Some sweet illusion's passed away,
Once shrined in Fancy's niches;
It joined the snows of yesterday
When Chloë took to breeches!

—HAROLD WILLARD GLEASON

PROFILES

SPREAD EAGLE

William F. Carey

WHEN William F. Carey became president of the Madison Square Garden Corporation after Tex Rickard's death, people who knew him could not understand why he had taken the job. It certainly seemed odd that a man who had been busy all his life building railroads and canals should abruptly become interested in promoting. Those who had always made their living from sport were puzzled too, and for a while few of them could figure Carey out as a personality.

One thing that made it hard for them to know how to take Carey was the suddenness of his change from treasurer of the Garden to being a promoter himself. His arrival in Miami to boss the preparations for the Stribling-Sharkey fight was the first personal link between professional sport and the forces of big business that had functioned importantly but remotely behind Rickard's enterprises. Carey had a problem to face right away; the papers were panning the fight, and there was a general feeling that it might be a flop. Carey issued the optimistic statements expected of a promoter, but did not hesitate to admit in private that he was skeptical of the way things were going. He explained his attitude by comparing the situation in Miami with something that had happened to him in the past. He told how he had dug a railroad tunnel through a mountain at some frontier. He had no way of telling what he would find as the tunnel got deeper: perhaps rock, perhaps water. . . . He drew out the figure, using it to illustrate that promoting a fight was a construction job in which you never knew what to expect.

WHY he translates difficulties into engineering terms before sizing them up is explained by what he has done. He was born in 1878 on a farm near Hoosick Falls, New York. He had three brothers and three sisters. His father worked in a stone quarry; his mother managed the farm. Not wanting to be a farmer, he left for Colorado one day with eleven dollars he had made out of his own cabbage patch. He was sixteen then. In Colorado he drove a team for fifteen dollars a week. The railroad construction in which he was taking so humble a part attracted him; he got to be a foreman, but quit to go down to Panama in 1904. In two years of work on the Canal he had risen from bossing a gang of negroes to general superintendent of all steam-shovel operations in Culebra Cut. He could not afford to stay long in this position at the salary he was getting. He had attracted attention as a builder of extraordinary ability; he took contracts in other parts of the country, and at the end of 1906 he left Panama to go back to railroad building. Forming his own construction company, he worked on sections of the Great Northern, the Northern Pacific, the Grand Trunk Pacific, the Canadian Northwestern, the Wisconsin Central, and the Chicago & Northwestern. By 1916 he had central offices in Wall Street and branch companies working all over the world, making canals, dams, railroads, bridges, highways, factories. He formed his connections with the Garden Corporation by contracting with Hayden, Stone & Company to put up the arena in Eighth Avenue; later he took so much stock in the new company that he was made treasurer.

A CONSTRUCTION expert is not a bureaucrat but a master workman whose employees fulfill literally the position implied by the word "help." Running the business concerns of his companies, Carey had become a millionaire; as director of operations in the field he has attracted a kind of loyalty that nobody gets but the most talented natural leaders. One of his old foremen, now head of an independent construction company, becomes angry whenever he hears Carey called a promoter.

"You don't know anything about him. To a man like that Madison Square Garden is no more than a dog kennel."

It is hard to understand why, although reputed to be one of the most important contractors in the country, his name was scarcely known to the public until last year. One reason for this is that he considers publicity unnecessary in the building business — has never given out an interview about himself, and will seldom read a clipping in which he is mentioned. Another is that his activities have been carried on mostly in uncivilized parts of the world where there was no one to stare at them and ask questions. From various continents and outposts have come back records of his accomplishments, bordered with the anecdotes that compose the Carey legend.

When he got his first promotion in Panama he grew a beard so as to look older. The precaution was probably unnecessary—you can't reasonably think that he ever looked juvenile. He has big features and small eyes that are attentive and expressive but always slightly clouded. His skin is weather-beaten and deeply lined, and his mud-colored hair is unevenly dusted with gray. He is big and thick-set, but unusually active and graceful; he shakes hands lightly, and speaks in a low voice. Although he has never affected the loud and genial fellowship which, combined with chicanery, is a tradition of the fight business, he knows how to behave in his new environment.

ONE of the items in his legend is the fact that he was once a sort of king in a city of his own with a territory about twice as big as Belgium. That was in 1912, in British Columbia. Winter had forced his company to stop work while laying out the Grand Trunk Pacific and Carey decided to wait for spring without leaving the job. In a sprawling city of tar-paper shacks several thousand workmen tried to keep out the cold. They dug ditches around their houses and banked the earth against the bottom of the walls. Carey lived at the end of the city street in

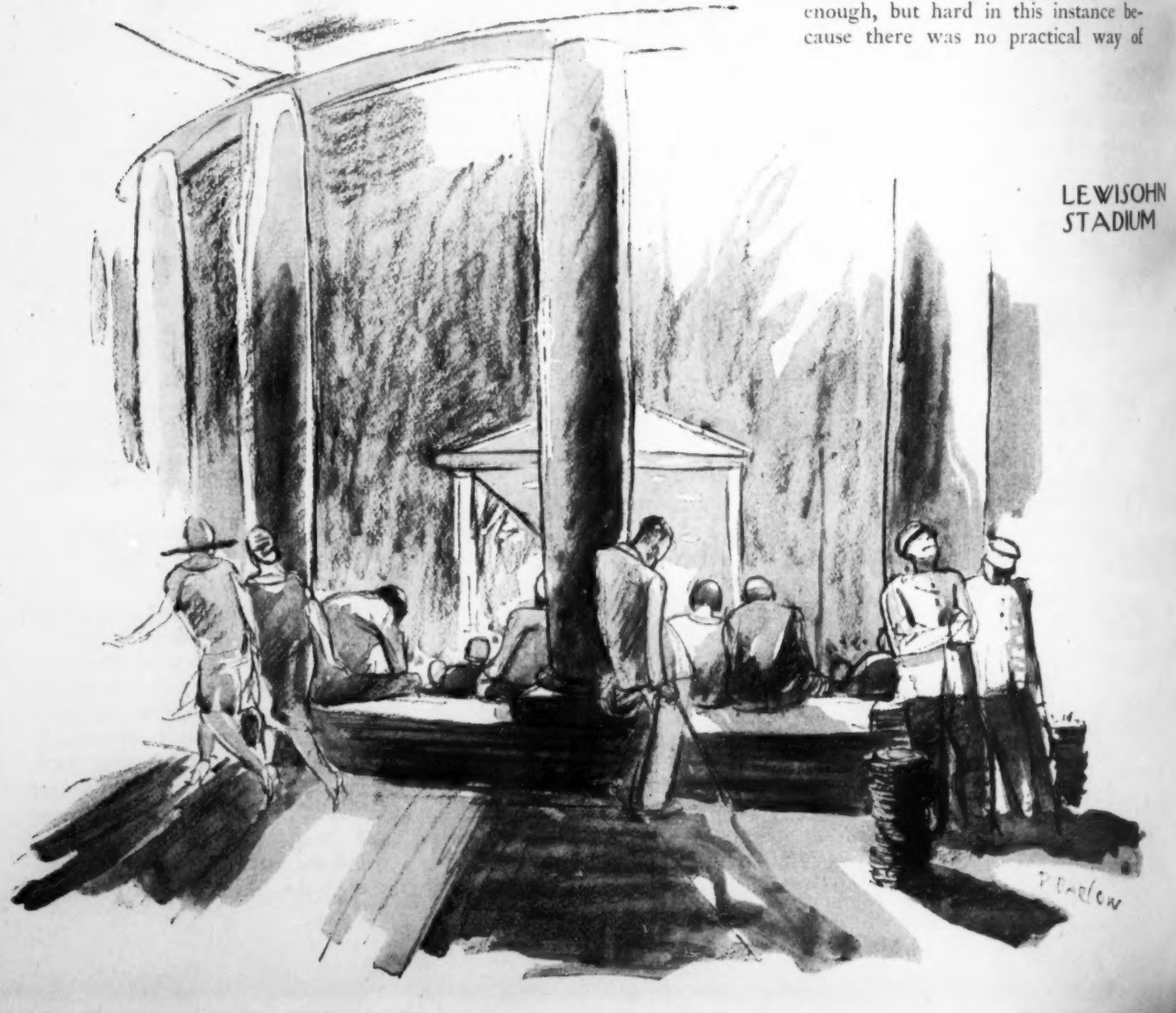
a shack that was smaller than the rest because he lived alone. Since work on the railroad was impossible he thought out ways to improve conditions in his city. He built a power-house and put in electric light; he built a city hall. As a final gesture he even sent back to the coast for sheets and pillowcases and distributed them to the railroad builders who had been sleeping for months in dirty blankets. When a deputation came up to his house to thank him for the linen, he passed it off with a king's air. How did a human being sleep? Not in a sour straw bunk. That might be all right for a jackass; a human being had sheets and pillowcases.

BEFORE spring came a civilization had been improvised in the frontier settlement. The rumor of it spread and greatly increased his prestige. He spent several years building the Grand Trunk, and each year Carey City, rising in a new site along the route of operations, grew more elaborate. There were fellows in the camp who would not hesitate to commit a murder when a fight got started, but someone who had been there said afterward that if Carey had lost his pocketbook with a thousand dollars in it, and one of the construction hands had picked it up, the finder would have brought it back to Carey. The British Columbians had a nickname for him. They called him an eagle, comparing him, for the sake of emphasis, with a foreman whom they disliked.

"Jensen is a pudding, but Carey is an eagle."

As king of his state Carey was lawmaker and magistrate; he decided quarrels and adjusted penalties. His success gave him courage for new responsibilities. When the Grand Trunk Pacific was finished he showed more and more his preference for work that other contractors had turned down because of its difficulties. He explained that he took such jobs because the returns were in proportion to the risks, but I think the difficulties themselves challenged and satisfied him. He proved this definitely when he was working on the Northern Pacific, near Paradise, Montana.

IT was what railroad men call a steam-shovel job, ordinarily easy enough, but hard in this instance because there was no practical way of



getting the machinery where it was needed. To take it apart and pack it on mules would have taken a long time. Carey decided to leave it whole and float it down the Yellowstone River on scows. He had the scows built, but when the time came to start he could not find a crew for them. It was generally believed that the tricky, dangerous river, with its rapids and uncharted rocks and sandbars, made his scheme impractical. When he announced that he was going to take the scows down himself people said that his machinery would be lost and that he and anyone with him would be killed.

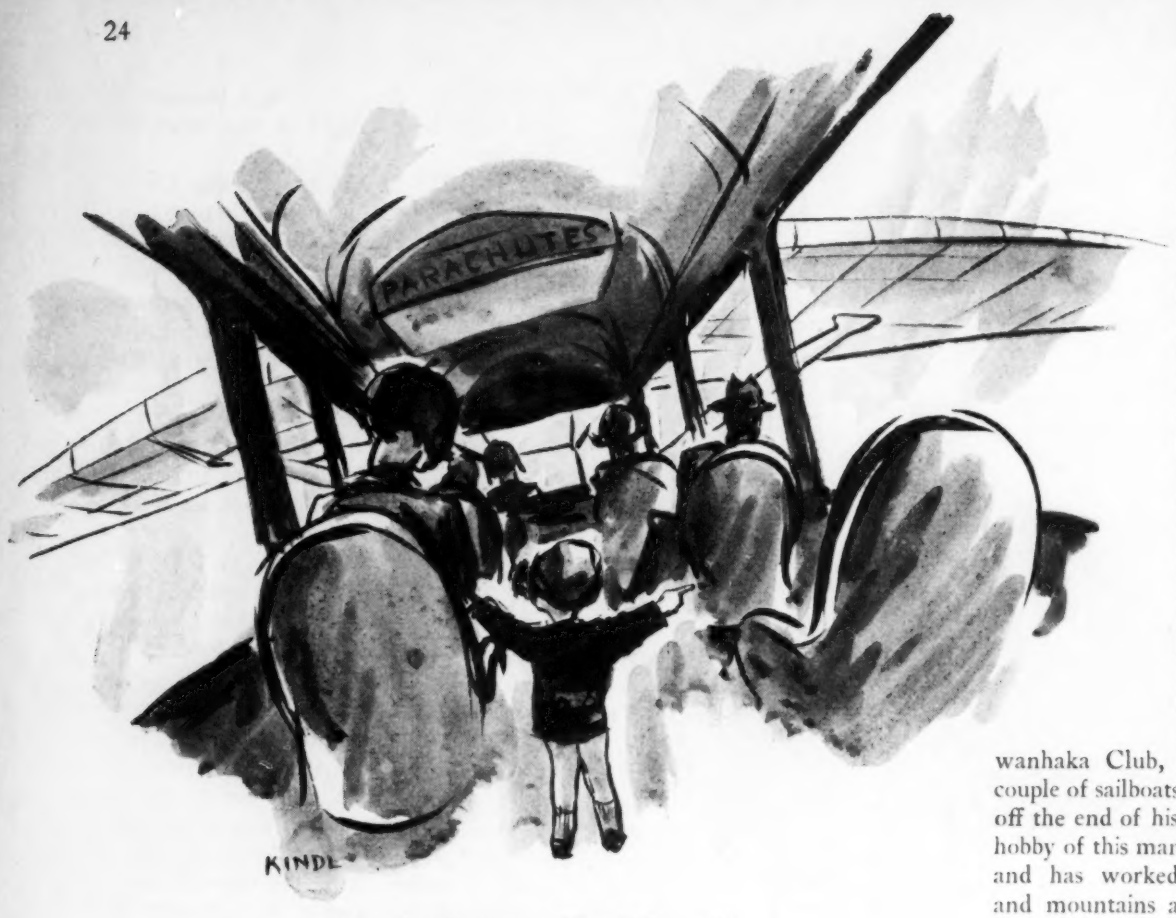
He started early in the morning. Some cowboys and a few of his own men stood on the bank to see him off. Carey took the stern oar of one of the scows and told four volunteers who had come on board with him to cast off. Although he had never steered a boat before and knew little about the eccentric currents of the river he somehow avoided an accident. It took him four hours to get his equipment where he wanted to land it.

This adventure saved him six months of tedious work and a lot of money, but you are still left wondering why he chose it. Evidently he had balanced the delay and safety of travel by land against the advantages of the river and chosen the dangerous way because, if it could be managed, it was more his style.

In 1915 he had an idea that China needed railroads and went there to look things over. He secured a contract from the Chinese government and, with three thousand coolies on the job, put a line through Manchuria. During the war he tunnelled through a mountain range in Washington to tap an untouched spruce forest, and put up the biggest sawmills in the world to make spruce timber into lumber for airplanes. He had just finished his contract when the armistice was signed.

MOVING his private office from Wall Street to Madison Square Garden does not mean that he has retired from building operations. His construction companies—the Siems-Carey Railway & Canal Company, and W. F. Carey & Company—are busy in different parts of the world; he is president of a company that mines and exports phosphates from South America, and is a partner of the separate construction corporation of Kennedy & Carey. He is now building a big dam in Vermont, a forty-one-million-dollar railroad across the Andes for the Government of Bolivia, and a new airport, planned as the biggest in the world, on the meadows behind Newark. Builders who have worked with him since his days in Panama, and others whom he has trained himself, or picked out for their knowledge of construction methods, manage these projects so that he does not have to bother with details; he decides on costs and matters of policy and receives reports on the various jobs in his simply furnished offices in the Forty-ninth Street side of the Garden, where he spends from nine to eleven hours a day.

I think that promoting sport interests him as much as anything else he is doing. It is new, strenuous, and



"Look, Mamma, New Haven!"
"Yes, darling—mustn't point."

• •

entertaining; it has qualities that he began to miss in the increasing prosperity of his other business. Sitting down to dinner in his house in Miami with a company of active and retired prizefighters and their associates was a novelty that presented some problems to his wife. The guests liked to come to the table without their coats, and for some time Mrs. Carey tried to arrive at a tactful way of correcting this without hurting anyone's feelings. She found an opportunity one evening when, as usual, everyone had come in without a coat except Carey himself. He looked neat and proper in every way, but Mrs. Carey amazed the table by asking him mildly to go and brush his hair. As he left the room, the guests took the hint and came back buttoning their coats. After this, the dinners at the Careys' house were conducted with befitting decorum.

AFTER the Stribling-Sharkey fight had been brought off successfully in spite of all forebodings to the contrary, Carey came north and a few weeks later gave a party for the Ranger hockey team. He has given one of these parties annually since the Garden was built and they get better every year. Such hockey-players as Bill Cook and Frank Boucher sometimes tell how Carey took them each by an arm and led them up to a bare and apparently solid wall, and how the wall suddenly rolled up to the ceiling, revealing a long, shiny bar, and pyramids of colored bottles and bright glasses, and three bartenders at work. Carey's penthouse apartment in East Sixty-ninth Street has other interesting features. There is, for instance, a radio set with an extension in every room, plugged into the wall like a light, which can be turned on by pressing a button. If you don't like the tune you press another button that switches off the radio and turns on an electric victrola. Buttons are set so that you can reach them while lying in the bathtub. The installation cost sixteen thousand dollars. Carey likes things like this better than most antiques, but is fond of a collection of old Spanish silver that he found in South America. Sometimes he takes the silver out of its cabinet and runs his fingers over the worn surfaces.

During the summer he spends part of his time on the place he built several years ago on Center Island, facing Oyster Bay. He has sometimes finished a railroad in the time it took him to get his house done. Fast and exacting when working on contract, concentrating on the main problem and filling in details afterward, he built his own house in an entirely different way. Instead of insisting on adherence to a definite, preconceived plan, he supervised and altered details himself, and even took suggestions from his architect, and from local country builders. His land includes a long stretch of waterfront near the Seawanhaka Club, and a launch and a couple of sailboats nod at their moorings off the end of his dock. Yachting is the hobby of this man who was born inland and has worked on plains, swamps, and mountains all his life.

EARLY in the spring he leased the Polo Grounds and the Yankee Stadium for fight shows. He spent a lot of time himself making deals with the fighters he wanted to get or who had been suggested to him by his matchmaker. Before each outdoor show he went to the grounds early and supervised personally the arrangements that were being made for handling the crowds.

He has been known to take fifteen or twenty guests to a fight. If the evening is pleasant he likes to motor down to Oyster Bay; sometimes he finds his son or his young daughter giving a party. His children, like most other people, are slighter, smaller-boned than he, as though bred in a different country, under quieter skies and a milder sun.

THERE is no pattern for pioneers. A few stand up, lonely in any generation, who find cities no place for them and so beleaguer the world's last frontiers. Carey may get out of sport the kind of excitement that he and others like him, building the machines for civilization, have to some extent eliminated, but this contradiction, if it exists, does not bother him; he seems to have a good time at the ringside in ballparks these summer nights.

—Niven Busch, Jr.

OUR OWN SOB BALLADS

I SPOKE AS NO GENTLEMAN SHOULD

I

Two girls stood at a counter
In a smart men's store one day,
And as they shopped, they twitted
The clerk in such a way
That he at length grew weary
Of their silly gibes and stares,
And answered them quite shortly,
At which one said, "What airs!"
Said the other, "He's insulting;
To report him, I've a mind."
The youth replied—now worried—
"Ah, don't be so unkind."
They flushed at this entreaty
And realized with shame
That they had wronged the young man,
When himself he thus did blame:

REFRAIN

"I'm sorry if I have offended.
I fear I lost patience just now.
The life of a clerk at a counter
Is trying, sometimes, you'll allow.
I've known better days—that's the reason
My pride I can't rule as I would.
So forgive me, I pray, for what I did say—
I spoke as no gentleman should."

II

They forgave, but both protested
That the fault was theirs alone.
Then urged that he would tell them
Of the "better days" he'd known.
He responded, "I am Russian,
And of noble birth and name.
When the war my family ruined,
To this land, with them, I came."
Quoth one girl, "How intriguing!
You must call—for more I'd hear."
He called. Anon came Romance.
They were engaged within the year.
"Your noble name I'm proud of,"
Breathed the maid the day they wed,
"But *that* never would have won me—
If to me you had not said:

REFRAIN

'I'm sorry if I have offended.
I fear I lost patience just now.
The life of a clerk at a counter
Is trying, sometimes, you'll allow.
I've known better days—that's the reason
My pride I can't rule as I would.
So forgive me, I pray, for what I did say—
I spoke as no gentleman should.' "

—C. KNAPP

• •

"Mrs. Shaw, will you amuse Mrs. Ogden while I dress?"

THAT WAS NEW YORK

THE FIRST NEWSPAPER

ON Monday morning, November 8, 1725, the good citizens of New York were for the first time able to read their own newspaper. This lineal forebear of today's metropolitan press was the humble offering of William Bradford, printer to the flourishing province of New York, and was called the *New-York Gazette*. It was printed on a single sheet of paper folded into four pages, a sedate and dignified weekly, but one which in the course of its nineteen years' somewhat precarious existence was to show several signs of the gaudy features which distinguish its descendants.

For long the English posts supplied the bulk of its news, and modern readers may well wonder at a wealth of foreign dispatches which even today would awake the envy of the editors of the *Times*. In a time of slow communications age could not wither the news value of a treaty of commerce signed by the King of Prussia and the King of Spain, the remonstrance of the General Assembly of French clergy against a two-per-cent tax, or the advices from Babylon which told of war and pestilence in the domains of the Great Turk. We may doubt if the colonials who read the texts of these important documents became as excited about them as about their local scandals, but together with the custom-house entries of sloops sailing for Perth Amboy or St. Kitts, for a long time they constituted the news which Editor Bradford offered his readers.

THERE was more spice in the advertisements which gingerly found their way into the paper's columns. A lively market in slaves and bonded servants, for instance, was a feature of New York life in this period, and the arrival of a ship was usually followed by notice of an auction at the corner of Old Slip Market with "sundry Negro Men, Women and Girls" on the block. Or we may read that a sale is to be held at the Coffee-House of "a sprightly handy negro fellow, about 17 years of age, And 2 doz. very neat Windsor chairs, in the newest taste." There were also want ads to the same effect, as the one which called for "a Handsome Mulatto Wench, from 14 to 16 years old, fit to wait on a Lady."

Even more prevalent than such advertisements, however, were the notices of rewards for such of these sprightly, handy fellows and handsome wenches who refused to abide by the terms of their sale and forsook their masters and mistresses. Thirty shillings was offered for one runaway servant who escaped in such haste that he forgot his hat, and a like sum for a negro named William who spoke Dutch and English and played the fiddle. A bought servant, perhaps one of the Switzers who were so popular among our colonial forebears, came higher. This man was by trade a maker of mops, brushes, and bellows, and we note in his case the high reward of five pounds.

Fortunately for our peace of mind such real-estate advertisements as appeared did not mention prices, but they nevertheless have an inviting sound. Dobies Plantation of four hundred acres, "pleasantly situated on the South Branch of the Rariton River," was put up for auction, and a new owner was eagerly sought for some land in Westchester "together with the Privilege of the Stream of Bronk's River to set up Mills and cut timber in the bounds of Westchester, and all other Rights to the same belonging." Nearer home, but still five miles out of town, was the thirty-acre Harlem plantation announced for sale.

The shops of New York also advertised their wares. There were such simple announcements as the furniture sale of Mrs. Susannah Smith "in the Broad-Way, in New-York, over against the new Bowling-Green," and the more elaborate advertisements of the department stores of the eighteenth century. We find, for example, a sale of "cloths, Kersey's, Druggets, Mohair, Buttons, India Damask, stript plain and Bird-Eye Taffeties, Muslins, Callicoes, Chints, Romalls, Brawls, Guinea Stuffs, Thread laces, fine Cambricks, spotted lawns, fine Laces and other Millanary's, Hatts, Indian Guns, and flower'd Brimstone."

In 1739 a new departure in advertising was made with the notice of a novel exhibition which could be seen for sixpence at the Sign of the Cart and Horse. A colonial Barnum had procured from Arabia "a very Wonderful and Surprizing Creature called a Cammel." It was announced that it was utterly impossible to describe this amazing animal, but "all persons of ingenious curiosity have an Opportunity of satisfying themselves."

It was but a step from the camel to a theatrical exhibition. In a gorgeous display advertisement there was soon announced an exclusive performance in Mr. Holt's Long Room of the "New Pantomine Entertainment in Grotesque Character, called, The Adventures of Harlequin and Scaramouche, or the Spaniard Trick'd." It was to be followed by an "Optick" showing in perspective several of the most famous cities of Europe and America.

The *Gazette's* advertisements also give us some idea of social life in the New York of two hundred years ago. There

OUR CONSCIENTIOUS COPS

The harassed but chivalrous Policeman Francis Farley, Shield No. 6234, is torn and worn restraining lady bargain hunters in their mad dash across Fourth Avenue at Fourteenth Street.

". . . THAT'S CECIL BARNES IN HIS NEW SIKORSKY"

" . . . Amusing career, Barnes. Married millions. Then lost his wife to that Argentine polo player. Cleaned up in radio and coppers and now he's retired at thirty-three."

" . . . That's a great trip he's on now. Just left Oyster Bay with the Reynolds, they'll stop at Rye for the Cheevers, then fly up the coast to Newport for the races —then on to Bar Harbor, St. Andrews, a week's camping near Five Islands, then over to the Thousand Islands and back here for August.—Fine plane he's flying —nine passenger, two engines, operates from land or water, special fittings. Barnes was lucky to get it. I understand one has to wait for months, now, for delivery on new orders—but I'm told the Sikorsky's about the finest all 'round plane there is . . . "

"AVIATION HEADQUARTERS"—*Curtiss not only furnishes a product for every aeronautical need, but gladly offers intelligent information and sincere advice on any subject pertaining to aviation—without obligation—to any one phoning WICkersham 9600, writing or calling in person on—*

CURTISS FLYING SERVICE

"—WORLD'S OLDEST FLYING ORGANIZATION"

27 WEST 57th STREET, NEW YORK CITY

Telephone—WICkersham 9600

Sole Sales Agents for the SIKORSKY AMPHIBION—Manufactured by Sikorsky Aviation Corp., College Point, Long Island

PROTECTION
for your motor car
INVESTMENT

Packard beauty of style is real beauty—Ageless!

No radical changes have been able to improve upon Packard design.

After years of service, Packard remains an up-to-date motor car.

Permanence of design prevents depreciation to Packards through change of models.

Packard's enduring style offers the best of protection to your motor car investment.

PACKARD

PACKARD MOTOR CAR COMPANY
of NEW YORK
Packard Building
Broadway at 61st Street
and Broadway at Sherman Ave.
(near 196th Street)

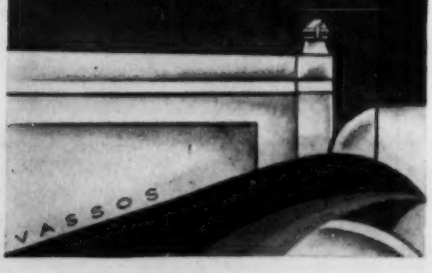
BROOKLYN
Atlantic at Classon Ave.

PARK AVENUE PACKARD, INC.
6 East 57th Street

WEST END PACKARD COMPANY, INC.
Broadway at 106th St.

PACKARD BRONX COMPANY, INC.
696 East Fordham Road
2110 Grand Concourse at 181st St.

Ask
the man
who owns one



were even scandals. Mary, wife of David Johnson, eloped but continued the useful habit of charging to her husband's account, while an even more unpleasant situation is disclosed in the indignant notice inserted by Deliverance Moor. She hotly denied leaving Mr. Moor's bed and board but asserted that on the contrary she had lived for eight years "under His tyranny and incredible Abuses, for he has several times attempted to murder Her and also turned Her out of Doors, shamefully abusing Her, which is well known to the Neighbors and Neighborhood in Woodbridge."

AS time went on Editor Bradford seems to have taken a hint from his advertisements and enlivened his news matter. Curiously enough, it is from the vicinity of Philadelphia that the *Gazette* garnered its first news story with a modern flavor. The account of a "tragical accident" at Wrightstown was not headlined or played up in the approved fashion of today, but it was graphically told. It appears that a certain Mrs. Cephas Child did not snuff out her candle properly upon retiring and some matting on the floor caught fire. Three times she nobly tried to put out the blaze herself before awakening her sleeping husband. Then at last she aroused him and Mr. Child, with remarkable presence of mind, first tried to save his bed, then hunted through some trunks for his "Writings," and finally thought of his children, "being six boys." But it was too late. He was beaten back by the flames which had spread to their room and they perished miserably.

It may have been that this tragic story aroused a lively interest in the possibilities of news from Philadelphia, for

VIRGINIA

HOT SPRINGS

A Draught of the Gods

WHAT potent magic is present in health-giving waters such as those of Virginia Hot Springs? What causes them to renew energy and vitality, like an elixir of the gods?

Science can analyze the spa waters but not the mystery of their curative powers. So thousands of men and women, worn out by the strain of business and social life, attest that "the cure" at The Homestead fills them with new vigor. Physicians from all over the United States send patients here in ever increasing numbers—especially those inclined toward rheumatism or gout.

Partly, the phenomenon is understood. The heavy mineral salts in the springs causes the blood to flow more forcefully to the heart, relieving its work and speeding up the circulation. The waters must be used immediately as they leave the earth—warmly spouting from showers, splashing over tubs—before long contact with the air lessens their power. Skilled physicians at The Homestead prescribe special hydro-therapeutic and other treatments for those who desire them.

And for the guests who come here for a thoroughly wonderful time, there is almost every kind of outdoor sport. Three golf courses—nine marvelous tennis courts—two hundred saddle horses—await their pleasure. Sunny porches and secluded walks beckon to those who prefer quiet relaxation. Evening, the Crystal Room is gay with the lovers of superb dance music. All these help to make this hotel one of the foremost in the country.

A stay at The Homestead! Indeed a draught of the gods—a physical and mental elixir. An interesting booklet upon request.

New York booking office: Ritz-Carlton Hotel

The HOMESTEAD
Christian S. Andersen, Resident Mgr.
Hot Springs Virginia

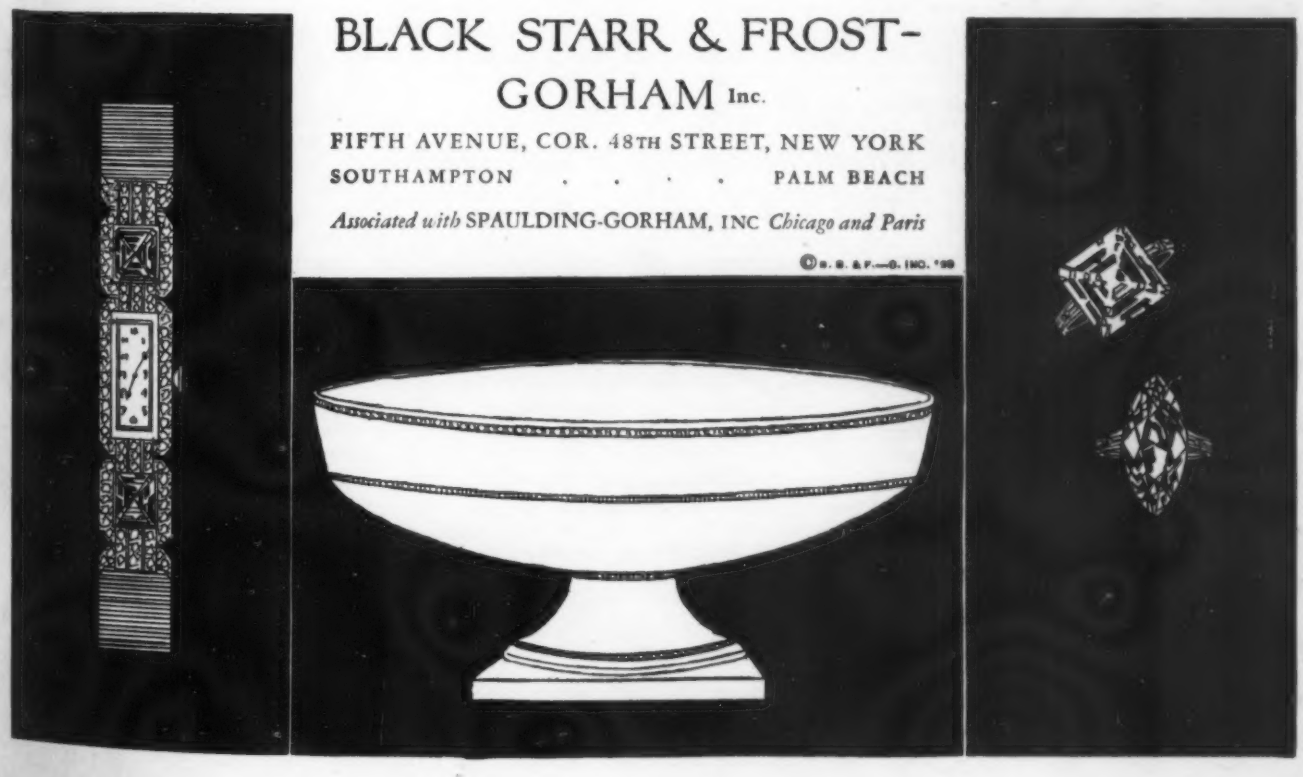
THE WORLD MOVES ON . . .

As previously announced, Black, Starr & Frost and Gorham have completed the legal details of a merger which joins two of Fifth Avenue's most famous jewelry and silverware establishments.

For the next few months the Gorham store at 47th Street and Fifth Avenue and the Black, Starr & Frost store at 48th Street and Fifth Avenue, will continue in their present locations; and the clientele of each store is offered the service and facilities of both.

In the interim, the Black, Starr & Frost building at 48th Street is undergoing an extensive program of remodeling. About October first it will become the home of the two Fifth Avenue houses . . . retaining the same high ideals and substantially the same management and personnel.

The enlarged space . . . the new furnishings . . . the added conveniences . . . the improved service that will result from this union will, we believe, be cordially welcomed by those who desire the finest in jewels and sterling in surroundings that fit their beauty.



BLACK STARR & FROST-
GORHAM Inc.
FIFTH AVENUE, COR. 48TH STREET, NEW YORK
SOUTHAMPTON . . . . PALM BEACH
Associated with SPAULDING-GORHAM, INC *Chicago and Paris*

©B. S. & F.—G. INC. '29

AFTER ALL LUGGAGE IS PART OF THE PICTURE

And if you're a Gay Young Thing prancing off for a season's holiday, the question of traveling equipment simplifies itself enormously. First lay a sprig of reverent lavender on the iron bound family heirloom in the attic. Then drop into any smart luggage shop and merely say "Hartmann."

The result is a mad desire to own everything in sight. For Hartmann Travel Things, from the tiniest wardrobe case for air trips to the huge extra size wardrobes, are so gay, so colorful and so marvelously practical, traveling becomes sheer luxury.

A Hartmann matched group in tan canvas grain Ducord with Regimental Striping is stunning. A whole array of sizes and models. Priced from $27.50 to $225. See them at the better shops and department stores.

in a later issue we find this forerunner of the stop-press item: "New-York, October 17. Twelve a Clock. The Philadelphia Post not yet come in."

WE are not sure that the *Gazette* gained the success it truly merited. At the end of the first six months Editor Bradford was forced to ask that the gentlemen who had encouraged his paper pay for their subscriptions, though he was determined to go ahead in any event in the hope of "further encouragement." At the end of two and a half years he was still in difficulties and confessed that he had lost five pounds on his venture, to say nothing of the trouble he had gone to in collecting news. Yet he struggled on.

For eight years the *Gazette* was the only paper in New York. Then a rival weekly was established and competition became a new burden. In the face of all difficulties, however, the paper as he had founded it endured until 1744 when, at the age of eighty, its editor retired, and left to one of his apprentices the task of carrying on a feeble successor called the *New-York Evening Post.* This was not the paper we now know by this name, but a poor thing which, we are told, succumbed seven years later "from the looseness of its grammar and the complications of its orthography."

Today there are few copies of the *Gazette* in existence. Not a single one of the first issue has survived, and curiously enough it is the Historical Society of Pennsylvania that boasts the earliest number which has been preserved, that of March 7, 1726. Those in the files of the New York Society Library run from March 21, 1726, to November 17, 1729; the Public Library has a scattered collection from 1727 to 1744, and the New York Historical Society also has very incomplete files for about the same period. One or more copies may be found in the Library of Congress, the British Museum, the Yale University Library, the Wisconsin Historical Society, and the American Antiquarian Society.

—FOSTER RHEA DULLES

•

WOMAN GARDENER, age about 30, tall and strong, well experienced in propagating, required by gentleman for small place. X.Y.Z. box 3, Tavistock Street, Covent Garden, W.C. 2.—*Gardeners' Chronicle.*

La, sir! The requirements of a gentleman?

Secrets of a smart Sun-Tan

How to achieve a Smooth Clear Skin Toned to an Even Brown

by **JANE KENDALL MASON**

JANE KENDALL MASON (*Mrs. George Grant Mason, Jr.*) *is widely known as "the prettiest girl that ever entered the White House." Society favorite and all-round sportswoman, this enchanting blonde beauty writes, models in clay, paints and acts with equal success.*

IT'S SMART to be sun-tanned! The fad began out of a clear blue sky. A Parisian *élégante* was told to bathe in the summer sun till she was as brown as an Arab. Along with radiant health she achieved an irresistible new beauty which forthwith became the fashion.

This summer everyone, everywhere, by lake and sea, in mountains and in country, is seeking her place in the sun, toasting her skin to the delightful coppery tan most women find so becoming.

The burning question is how to be smartly sun-tanned yet keep your skin *smooth* and *evenly* browned. Its charm is ruined if it becomes reddened, roughened, dry or blistered. Yet, with constant exposure to the sun, all these disasters are inevitable unless you give your skin the right care.

My own complexion is naturally fair, and my home is in Havana, Cuba, where the sun is strong. What with swimming, tennis, golf and motoring, you can imagine that to achieve the gypsy brown I love, yet keep my skin smooth and fine, does take care!

But I have a simple "sun-tan secret"—the exquisite Cold Cream made by Pond's.

Always before I go to the beach I coat my skin all over with a film of this pure, light cream. The fine light oils give just the protection needed against the drying, burning, roughening effects of sun, wind and salt water, keep the skin supple, smooth, help it to brown beautifully, evenly.

After my day in the sun I follow my usual Pond's Method, just as I do the year round:—

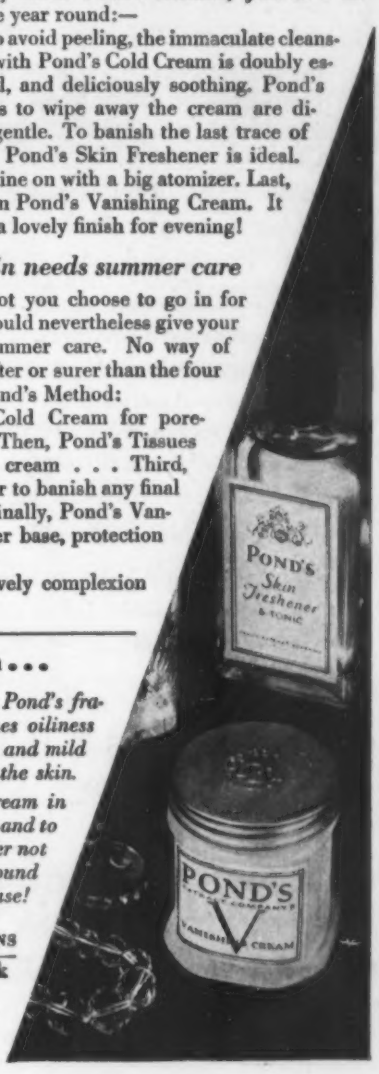
To avoid peeling, the immaculate cleansing with Pond's Cold Cream is doubly essential, and deliciously soothing. Pond's Tissues to wipe away the cream are divinely gentle. To banish the last trace of oiliness, Pond's Skin Freshener is ideal. I spray mine on with a big atomizer. Last, I smooth in Pond's Vanishing Cream. It gives such a lovely finish for evening!

Every skin needs summer care

Whether or not you choose to go in for sun-tan, you should nevertheless give your skin special summer care. No way of doing this is swifter or surer than the four simple steps of Pond's Method:

First—Pond's Cold Cream for pore-deep cleansing . . . Then, Pond's Tissues to remove dirt and cream . . . Third, Pond's Skin Freshener to banish any final trace of oiliness . . . Finally, Pond's Vanishing Cream for powder base, protection and exquisite finish.

Here's luck—and a lovely complexion to you all!



Four exquisite preparations for care of the skin . . .

1. *You know Pond's Cold Cream, for immaculate cleansing all year round. In summer it keeps your smart sun-tan smooth and even and prevents burn.*

2. *Large, absorbent, snowy, Pond's Cleansing Tissues are indispensable to your cold cream cleansing, removing dirt and cream, economizing laundry and towels.*

3. *Soothing and refreshing, Pond's fragrant Skin Freshener banishes oiliness after using cold cream. Tonic and mild astringent, it clears, refines the skin.*

4. *Use Pond's Vanishing Cream in summer to prevent shiny nose, and to protect your skin if you prefer not to burn. And always all year round for protection and powder base!*

MAIL COUPON AND 10¢ FOR POND'S 4 PREPARATIONS

POND'S EXTRACT COMPANY, Dept. U, 118 Hudson St., New York

Name_____ Street_____

City_____ State_____

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STUTZ

BLACK HAWK

GESUNDHEIT!

Your health! What is it worth to you—a million? But even a million in insurance cannot protect you from bodily injury when the unexpected happens upon the highway.

The cheapest and most genuine motor insurance you can buy today is a Safety Stutz. Invulnerability is engineered into this great car. Its safety is neither an accessory, nor an optional feature quoted at so much extra.

Stutz Safety goes far beyond shatterproof glass all around. It protects you from side-collision with mighty side-bumper steel running boards integral with its massive double drop frame. It safeguards you with giant Booster (vacuum operated) brakes which decelerate 40% quicker than conventional types; with Noback, and four speed transmission.

But greatest of all it gives you the lowest center of gravity found in any American car. The Stutz will stay on its wheels under impacts that will overturn any other car—that has been proven time and time again.

Strong statements? We will be glad to demonstrate the truth of every one. Just 'phone Columbus 7070.

SAFETY STUTZ

$2775 to $10,800

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BLACKHAWK CARS

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HORSE SHOWS AND HUNTS

LONDON, JULY 3

WHEN first you enter the Olympia horse show, you think for a minute you are in a flower show. You find the same reverent hush, the same patches of incredibly green bird-seed grass. The entire arena is railed off by trailing maidenhair ferns, banked with plots of pale blue and pink flowers; while down the middle are two rows of tubs filled with blue hydrangeas. You look up, expecting the usual armory ceiling, to find a covering of blue muslin which turns at the sides into a landscape more Arcadian than Nature can provide.

When your thoughts finally get back to horses, you discover a few threading their way among the hydrangeas at a majestic trot. These are hacks, the equivalent of the American saddle horse. The difference between a hack and a hunter here is that you can't hunt a hack. You can, however, hack a hunter, and the two are judged by exactly the same conditions. Both must have pleasant gaits, good manners and mouths, besides being up to a certain weight. The English never ask hunters to jump in the show ring, as they don't believe a performance over conventional fences proves anything about cross-country ability; instead, they have a rigorously enforced system of qualification papers.

ALMOST every class calls for amateurs "not in the habit of riding for other people." Sidesaddle is required of the ladies, and both they and the men ride in formal dress at all times. The same horses and faces appear in class after class, there is no reason for reversing awards, and the whole performance is dignified, well-bred, and not a little boring.

Harness horses are shown with vehicles fit to use on the road—and are driven by their owners. They are numerous, but not of extraordinary merit, as all the best ones are snapped up for the American market.

OLYMPIA is not so truly international, in spite of its claims, as our own Madison Square Garden. This year the only foreign nations represented in the military jumping events were Holland (with only one entry), Belgium, Ireland, and France.

Almost overnight the Irish have collected and schooled a string of real jumping horses. They ride much like the American Army team, with short stirrups and light, uninterfering hands. It was at their request, partly, that our team did not enter for Olympia but kept itself as a surprise for Dublin. It seemed a shame, though, that Buckaroo was not here to try again for the Brooks Bryce Cup; the British cavalry put up some rather bad exhibitions, and he might well have won.

THE greatest sight of the show was the class for costermongers' donkeys; in which the cart, harness, and drivers' costume are considered as well as the animal. Fifty rigs came scuttling into the ring to the tune of "Knocking 'Em in the Old Kent Road," while the judge, Lord Lonsdale, popular idol and grand old man of British sport, bowed to every coster and tipped his hat or blew kisses to the wives and children. Some of the rigs were covered with flowers; the harnesses fairly gleamed; and the donkeys' manes were all done up in colored wool. The more affluent owners had dressed themselves to match, the favorite costume consisting of sewed-on designs of buttons—the more buttons the better. One Croesus and his wife were completely covered with them, and she was topped off by a huge clump of nodding ostrich feathers. Another couple had made coats of mail by sewing on peanuts. There was a barrel-organ, which produced "Sonny Boy," no less, while Lord Lonsdale and the lady with the feathers gaily danced.

ONE remembers longest the atmosphere of well-being and faultless arrangement that pervades Olympia. It is a relief to have each jumper noiselessly and unmistakably announced by an electric number over the gate. After the cellars, the draughty tents, the mile-distant sheds we use for stabling, it is pleasant to find the horses housed in luxury just off the promenade. And after the stupidity, imprecations, and slowness of the morons who put up our fences, it is a joy to see a bright yellow wagon, drawn by two long-tailed horses, come rolling in with men who set up the fences noiselessly and promptly, and depart at a brisk pace again.

Still—American shows are more fun.

—TOUCH AND GO

Along Ardleigh Street at Rittenhouse Blvd., in a home center of East Germantown, Philadelphia.

Price Street looking toward Chew Street—a typical section.

Suburban homes—photographed in Merion Park and Overbrook Hills.

Homes . . .

Philadelphia's *guarantee* of large sales volume

EFFICIENT MARKETING demands that sales energy be expended where the sales return is greatest.

On a basis of *sales* facts and *cost* figures, Philadelphia earns the attention of manufacturers, today.

No other market in America has so large a number of home owners. 415,045 individual homes in the city alone,—with 50% owned by their occupants. Merging in an unbroken sweep with 150,000 individual suburban homes.

Homes, with their lawns and their gardens, their garages and cars. With their steady earning power and their incessant search for the new—and the modern—in merchandise.

Homes, with their every activity pouring a flood of dollars into the channel of retail sales.

565,045 homes, with an imposing *want* list, and with the funds with which to buy.

A market with a unique newspaper situation: One newspaper gives thorough coverage...at a low advertising cost your message is carried into nearly every home.

565,045 homes; 548,573 net paid daily sales of The Evening Bulletin.

A circulation which means not only *coverage*, but *influence* as well, because it has been built entirely upon reader confidence.

The Bulletin has no premium or contest circulation, for artificial methods have never been used; nor does The Bulletin use scare headlines or sensational news treatment.

Its circulation growth, through thirty-four years, has been upon the principle of the satisfied reader.

Today, The Evening Bulletin has more than *double* the circulation of any Philadelphia evening newspaper; almost equals the *combined* circulation of all Philadelphia morning newspapers. The confidence of a great people has made it one of the leading newspapers of America.

Thus the manufacturer finds here a home market, whose permanence and stability insure him adequate sales return—and a home newspaper whose coverage and cost simplify his advertising program.

The Port of Philadelphia
A water-front of fifty miles, dotted by 267 wharves and docks, forms the port of Philadelphia, the second largest in the country in volume of water-born commerce.

The Evening Bulletin

City Hall Square
PHILADELPHIA

New York Office: 247 Park Ave.
Chicago Office: 333 N. Michigan Ave.
Detroit Office: 321 Lafayette Blvd.
San Francisco Office: 681 Market St.

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...on the court it's

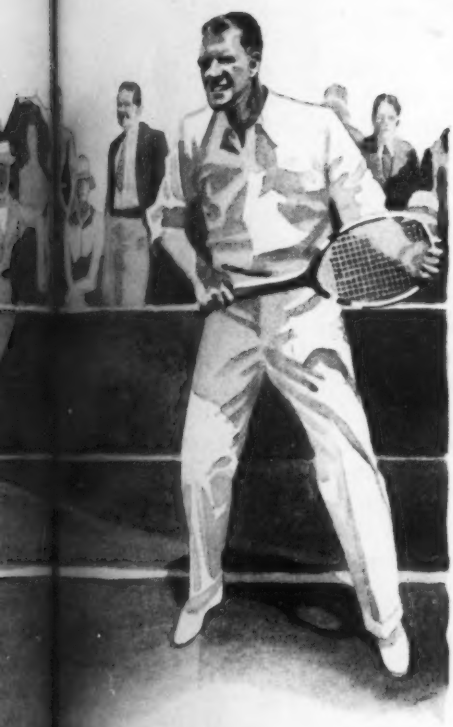
FLASH!

Chester

FINE TURKISH and DOMESTIC tobacco not

© 1929, Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.

...in a cigarette it's TASTE!



A MAN once had four reasons for not buying a certain article. The first reason was no money—so the other reasons didn't matter.

• • •

Likewise, *any* two reasons will do in choosing a cigarette, if taste is *one!*

• • •

In other words, taste is what really counts—and taste certainly comes first in Chesterfield. Every tobacco type, every tobacco quality, is chosen for the *taste* it can add . . . Turkish for aroma, Virginia for satisfying character and mildness, Burley for "rounding out" the blend.

• • •

The tobaccos in Chesterfield are not only blended, but "cross-blended." This extra step, developed by our own scientists, produces a natural flavor and aroma in Chesterfield, with a freedom from irritation and harshness, that ordinary blending cannot approach.

• • •

Good taste—could any *ten* other reasons equal that?

TASTE *above everything*

...field

...bacco... not only **BLENDED** but **CROSS-BLENDED**

MILD... and yet THEY SATISFY

SHOUTS AND MURMURS

THE VANISHING LADY—II

THIS then was the predicament of the young English girl as she stood there at the desk of the hotel in Paris—a stranger in the city and a stranger to its bewildering tongue. She had arrived that morning from India and had left her ailing mother in charge of the house physician while she went out in quest of medicine for her—a quest in which, through a malignant conspiracy between perverse circumstances and apparently motiveless passers-by, she had lost four hours.

But now with the bottle of medicine clutched in her hand, she reached the hotel at last, only to be stared down by the clerk at the desk, only to have the very man who had shown them their rooms with such a flourish that morning now gaze at her opaquely as though she were some slightly demented creature demanding admission to someone else's apartment.

But, no, Mam'zelle must be mistaken. Was it not at some other hotel she was descended? Two more clerks came fluttering into the conference. They all eyed her without a flicker of recognition. Did Mam'zelle say her room was No. 342? Ah, but 342 was occupied by M. Quelquechose. Yes, a French client of long standing. He had been occupying it these past two weeks and more. Ah, no, it would be impossible to disturb him. All this while the lobby full of hurrying, polyglot strangers, reeled around her.

She demanded the registration slips only to find in that day's docket no sign of the one she herself had filled out that morning on their arrival, the while her tired mother leaned against the desk and told her how. And even as the clerk now shuffled the papers before her eyes, the stupefying bloodstone which she had noticed on his ring-finger when he handed her the pen five hours before, winked at her in confirmation.

FROM then on she came only upon closed doors. The same house physician who had hustled her off on her tragic wild-goose chase across Paris protested now with all the shrugs and gestures of his people that he had dispatched her on no such errand, that he had never been summoned to attend her mother, that he had never seen her before in all his life. The same hotel manager who had so sympathetically helped her into the carriage when she set forth on her fruitless mission, denied her now as flatly and somehow managed to do it with the same sympathetic solicitude, suggesting that Mam'zelle must be tired, that she should let them provide another chamber where she might repose herself until such time as she could recollect at what hotel she really belonged or until some inquiries should bring in news of where her mother and her luggage were, if—

For always there was in his ever polite voice the unspoken reservation that the whole mystery might be a thing of her own disordered invention. Then, and in the destroying days that followed, she was only too keenly aware that these evasive people—the personnel of the hotel, the attachés of the embassy, the reporters of the Paris *Herald*, the officials at the Sûreté—were each and every one behaving as if she had lost her wits. Indeed there were times when she felt that all Paris was rolling its eyes behind her back and significantly tapping its forehead.

Her only aid and comfort was the aforesaid Englishman who, because a lovely lady in distress had come up to him in the street and implored his help, elected thereafter to believe her against all the evidence which so impressed the rest of Paris. He proved a pillar of stubborn strength because he was some sort of well-born junior secretary at the British Embassy with influence enough to keep her agony from gathering dust in the official pigeon-holes.

His faith in her needed to be unreasoning because there slowly formed in his mind a suspicion that for some unimaginable reason all these people—the hotel attendants and even the police—were part of a plot to conceal the means whereby the missing woman's disappearance had been effected. This suspicion deepened when, after a day's delay, he succeeded in forcing an inspection of Room 342 and found that there was no detail of its furnishing which had not been altered from the one etched into the girl's memory.

It remained for him to prove the mechanism of that plot and to guess at its invisible motive—a motive strong enough to enlist all Paris in the silent obliteration of a woman of no importance, moreover a woman who, as far as her daughter knew, had not an enemy in the world. It was the purchased confession of one of the paper-hangers, who had worked all night in the hurried transformation of Room 342, that started the unravelling of the mystery.

BY the time the story reached me, it had lost all its content of grief and become as unemotional as an anagram. Indeed, a few years ago it was a kind of circulating parlor game and one was challenged to guess what had happened to the vanished lady. Perhaps you yourself have already surmised that the doctor had recognized the woman's ailment as a case of the black plague smuggled in from India; that his first instinctive step, designed only to give time for spiriting her out of the threatened hotel, had, when she died that afternoon, widened into a conspiracy on the part of the police to suppress, at all costs to this one girl, an obituary notice which, had it ever leaked out, would have emptied Paris overnight and spread ruin across a city that had gambled heavily on the great Exposition for which its gates were even then thrown wide.

The story of this girl's ordeal always seemed to me one of the great nightmares of real life and I was, therefore, the more taken aback the other day to have its historicity faintly impaired by my discovering its essence in a novel called "The End of Her Honeymoon" which the incomparable Mrs. Belloc-Lowndes wrote as long ago as 1913. Now I find myself wondering if she unearthed it in the archives of the Paris police or whether she spun its mystery out of her own macabre fancy, making from whole cloth a tale of such felicitous invention that, like Stockton's "The Lady or the Tiger" or Anatole France's "The Procurator of Judea," it had moved from land to land with the seven-league-boots of folk-music and so been told and retold at hearths the world around by people who had never read it anywhere.

—ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT

A MONUMENT TO SERVICE

THE 2,000 employes of The Chicago Daily News are proud of their new home. Twenty-five shining stories of steel and stone it stands at the cross roads of America's second greatest population center as a fitting monument to service rendered by The Chicago Daily News in the past. It is a pledge of still greater service demanded by a great country, a great city and a great community.

In its 54 years of progressive journalism The Chicago Daily News has had one policy: uncompromising public service—through complete editorial independence and impartial presentation of news. That policy was fearlessly, consistently and ably administered by Victor F. Lawson during his regime as publisher and continued aggressively by Walter A. Strong when, at the death of Mr. Lawson, he took up his former chief's responsibilities as publisher.

The Chicago Daily News occupies a prominent place in the business and home life of Chicago. For many years it has been the medium employed by merchants and manufacturers to convey their messages to the families who represent the buying power of Chicago and its trading area.

Never was there any doubt as to the number of readers the advertiser would reach through this newspaper. A sworn statement of every day's actual paid circulation has been printed at the top of the editorial page of The Chicago Daily News since 1876. These daily statements speak for themselves.

Forty-eight leading Chicago institutions were advertisers in The Chicago Daily News in 1905—many for years previous—some for more than fifty years.

The same 48 firms are advertisers in The Chicago Daily News today. They are impressive in size, in volume of business, in invested capital, in solidity, in standing. They are representative of that great body of merchandisers—national and local—who place more of their advertising in the columns of The Daily News than in any other Chicago daily newspaper. They have grown as The Chicago Daily News has grown, to meet and to anticipate the ever increasing demands of the people of a great city in a great country.

* * * * * * *

"The Chicago Daily News invites you to visit its new home.

"The bold strength of its mass and form, emphasized by its splendid location, make it an architectural masterpiece of this modern age.

"Its strength, however, is merely the guarantee of the permanency of the ideal which lives within—a symbol of the loyal and fearless devotion of its personnel, throughout 54 years, which has made The Chicago Daily News one of the great exponents of modern journalism."

WALTER A. STRONG, *Publisher.*

THE CHICAGO DAILY NEWS

Daily News Plaza 400 W. Madison St.
CHICAGO

NATIONAL ADVERTISING REPRESENTATIVES
CHICAGO—Woodward and Kelly, 360 North Michigan Ave.
NEW YORK—John B. Woodward, 110 East 42nd Street.
DETROIT—Woodward and Kelly, 408 Fine Arts Building.
SAN FRANCISCO—C. George Krogness, 303 Crocker First National Bank Bldg.
LOS ANGELES—A. A. Hinckley, Room 624, 117 West 9th Street.
ATLANTA—A. D. Grant, 711-712 Glenn Building.

YACHTS AND YACHTSMEN

Istalena's Second Mast
—Staysails and Gaffs—
Smoke Bombs for Starters

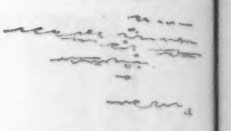
IN every yachting season, it seems, there must be a mystery ship. There was, for example, Atrocia, the what-is-it of 1927. To an extent, Paul Hammond's Nina filled the rôle a year ago. Now we have Istalena. Nobody seems to know what to think about this sloop.

If you had been at Larchmont on the Fourth of July you would have seen three Class M sloops tearing down upon the finish line in a 35-knot southwester, separated only by inches after a thrash of thirty miles, their noses buried in a white-capped sea. These were Junius Morgan's Windward, Carroll Alker's Simba, and George M. Pynchon's Istalena. Already in Larchmont harbor, a safe winner, was Floyd M. Carlisle's Avatar, having pulled out a masterly lead of nearly three minutes. The trio astern, however, were staging an also-ran race all by themselves, and there was little to choose between them.

Istalena finished last, but the fact that she finished at all is noteworthy considering the strange angle at which this new racing windjammer tilts in the heavy going. There must have been five to ten more degrees in her heel than her rivals had. When the puffs hit her she careened far to starboard, so that her rail was buried and her tall mast bent. This being Istalena's second mast in a month, there was some concern for it.

LONG ISLAND SOUND has been cheating the statisticians who have figured out that racing there is all light-weather work. The season thus far has produced more strong breezes than flat calms. Many masts have been lost. Numerous sails have been torn to tatters. Designers or owners, or both, have not calculated on conditions such as the racing fleet has lately encountered. The Istalena lost her first mast the first day she came out for a race. That was off Rye, early in June, and she was laid up two weeks for repairs.

When she came out again she had a new mast, all strutted and stayed like a flying trapeze at the circus. This is the apparatus that survived the trial by wind at Larchmont. Whereas the other M sloops get along with two sets of spreaders, the Istalena has three, in addition to a V-shaped strut forward of the mast near the top.



Istalena's stick stands 106 feet from step to top, and I am told it is no taller than those of the other M's. She is, however, a much more tender boat, and the strain which the staysail rig imposes on her mast is considerable. Hence the extraordinary measures to keep it from cracking.

The staysail rig undoubtedly has proved its worth. The only gaff rigs

In 17,077
modern New York apartment kitchens
WITHIN 9 MONTHS

WHY is gas refrigeration the distinctive kind to have today? Why has Electrolux gone into 235 fine new apartment buildings in Metropolitan New York within the past nine months . . . a total of 17,077 Refrigerators to one field in one city alone?

Such a decided trend must have good reasons behind it. We give them to you here. Not claims, not enthusiastic promises—*proved* facts:

Noiseless, because it has no moving parts—just a tiny gas flame.

Dependable, and free from trouble.

Costs less to operate than any other form of refrigeration. Average operating cost in metropolitan district about two dollars per month.

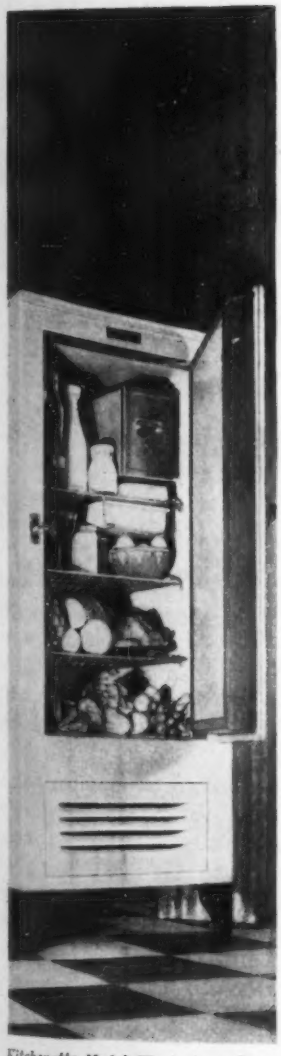
Plenty of ice cubes; constant, steady cold.

Safe, because gas shuts off automatically if flame goes out.

Lasts indefinitely, because there is no friction to cause wear.

Before you take a new apartment, see that it is Electrolux-equipped. And to see Electrolux in operation, visit your gas company's display room. Look at the various models, sizes and colors—including Crystal Green and Silver Grey, as well as gleaming white. If you own your own home, there is a Gas Refrigerator suitable for your kitchen.

For further interesting information, completely illustrated, write or phone us. Servel Sales, Inc., 51 E. 42nd St., New York City. Telephone Vanderbilt 5700.



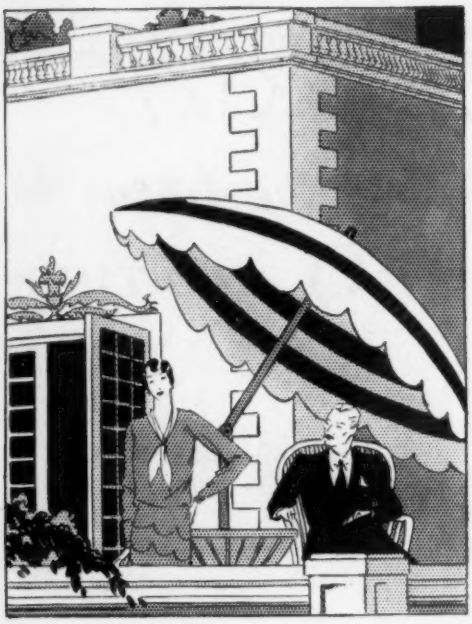
Kitchenette Model Electrolux. Occupies little space, but plenty big enough for most families. 4 cubic feet food storage capacity. 4 ice trays. Freezes 36 large ice cubes at one time.

This fine apartment building at 915 West End Ave., Rosario Candela, Architect, is one of the hundreds of Electrolux-equipped apartments.

ELECTROLUX

THE *Gas* REFRIGERATOR

MADE BY SERVEL



These **THINGS YOU WANT** *you'll find at* **784 PARK AVE.**

A VARIETY of distinguished and originally planned apartments to choose from . . . Simplex, Duplex and Triplex Suites ranging from seven to fourteen rooms.

MODERN LUXURIES, balconades, roof terraces, loggias . . . even conservatories. And, by the way, old-fashioned wood-burning fireplaces.

DETAILS in skillful planning, modern construction and luxurious equipment—too numerous to mention—that make this building a "decisive step forward in apartment residence construction."

PARK AVENUE ADDRESS, in the *Smart Seventies,* convenient to the better shops and all places Socially Important.

RENTALS, designed to induce tenants away from other fine buildings —and into this one!

Write for floor plan of apartment 20-A! Phone for appointment

784 PARK AVE.

Corner of 74th Street

Renting Agent: **Douglas L. Elliman & Co., Inc.**

15 East 49th St., Plaza 9200 **Bing & Bing, Inc., Builders**

Live at the DRAKE

440 PARK AVE AT 56TH ST.

"NEW YORK'S SMARTEST APARTMENT HOTEL"

Alfred C. Ray, Manager

left are on the old-timers, the New York 40's and 30's, and some of the handicap boats. When we come to build an America's Cup defender for 1930 she will be a staysail sloop with a mast perhaps 160 feet in the air. How that stick is going to be kept up there the designers and builders will have to figure out. If many more spreaders are introduced, the mast of the next Cup defender will resemble the backbone of a shad.

Francis Herreshoff of Bristol designed the Istalena. It being his first big boat, he sent (so the story goes) the preliminary drawings to his father, Nat Herreshoff, for approval. The veteran Nat, I am told, sent them back with one amendment. He shaved about a foot off the boat's beam. This may explain why the Istalena is more susceptible to the vagrant breezes than her playmates in Class M. She sometimes seems to need that extra waistline.

WHEN a racing skipper crosses the starting line too soon, he is considered to have made a false start and must return or be disqualified. How is he to know his error? Regatta committees are supposed to give him some sort of sign. Some fly signal flags, toot horns, shout, whistle. In a close start, however, with much at stake, it isn't always easy to tell what all the shouting is about. Johnston De Forest got his Priscilla III over the line a fraction of a second too soon at Larchmont, but there were half a dozen other 8-metres hard by and he never got the recall signal. He came in first, but lost the race. Chairman Edmund Lang's electric cab-call signal worked all right on one occasion. Captain Brophy of New Rochelle thinks smoke bombs would be better. No one has yet suggested the airplane.

IF you happen to be the owner of a good-sized yacht and are socially inclined, one of the proper ambitions of your life is to take the Yale or Harvard crew for a sail the Sunday before the New London regatta. Eventually you invite the boys out. One hoity-toity yacht owner did so this year. His

Mary Phillips, noted artist's model, recognizing the obviously false note in arm and leg hair, displays a skin satin-smooth and hair-free. She is pictured here between dips with a favored admirer.

Every vestige of hair is gone—and reappearance of that hair delayed remarkably.

There is true feminine allure in satin-smooth arms —hair-free as a child's.

Now a Way to Really Get Rid of Arm and Leg Hair

that Utterly Avoids Fostering Coarsened Re-growth

A new discovery that not only removes hair instantly but delays its reappearance remarkably.

A NEW way of removing arm and leg hair has been found that not only removes every vestige of hair instantly, but that banishes the stimulated hair growth thousands of women are complaining of. A way that not only removes hair but delays its reappearance remarkably!

It is changing previous conceptions of cosmeticians about hair removing. Women are flocking to its use. The discovery of R. C. Lawry, noted beauty scientist, it is different from any other hair remover known.

WHAT IT IS

It is an exquisite toilet creme, resembling a superior beauty clay in texture. You simply spread it on where hair is to be removed. Then rinse off with water. That is all. Every vestige of hair is gone; so completely that even by running your hand across the skin not the slightest trace of sharpened hair growth can be felt.

And—the reappearance of that hair is delayed surprisingly!

When re-growth finally does come, it is utterly unlike the sharpened re-growth women are complaining of. You can feel the difference. No sharpened hair growth. No coarsened growth. The skin, too, is left soft as a child's. No skin roughness, no enlarged pores. You feel freer than probably ever before in your life of annoying hair growth.

WHERE TO OBTAIN

It is called NEET—a preparation long on the market, but recently changed in compounding to embody the new Lawry discovery.

It is on sale at practically all drug and department stores and in beauty parlors. In both $1 and 60c sizes. The $1 size contains 3 times the quantity of the 60c size. 135

Neet *Cream Hair Remover*

FROM EAR TO EAR

YOU can grin. There's every reason in the world to feel satisfied with yourself, if your face reflects the sunny cleanliness of a Squibb shave. Smooth and ruddy and downright comfortable.

That's Squibb's Shaving Cream. Everything a *good* shaving cream should be. No wonder. The House of Squibb blended for four years before they could pack enough mellowness and comfort into a tube to make it meet the high standard of their other products.

Just as a hint, start tomorrow to practice that ear-to-ear shaving perfection. People notice it. All druggists carry Squibb Products. Shaving Cream is 40c for a walloping big tube.

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A SHAVING CREAM BY SQUIBB

letter arrived at Gales Ferry in typewritten form, signed by his secretary, with a footnote explaining that Mr. Blank, having dictated the invitation, had been unable for some reason or other to sign it. The letter he got back was written in pencil on a piece of butcher's wrapping paper. It read in substance as follows: "The crew has received Mr. Blank's invitation and regrets exceedingly that it is unable to accept. (Signed) Bill the Rubber."

DEBRIS: Commodore Harry Maxwell telling everybody at Larchmont what a close call he had when Barbara's mast went overboard. . . . The lady who wanted everybody to win. . . . The aluminum spars on Albert Kuehnle's Interclub sloop Sparkle. . . . Chairman Keeshan of the Larchmont committee ordering his son Jackie off the Sound. . . . Jackie's irreverent comment in reply. . . . Lorna Whittelsey, in yellow overalls, sailing the Atlantic one-design Flash.

—BINNACLE

•

SAFETY MATCH

When he has little aches and pains,
I listen while my lord complains,
I feel his pulse and smooth his head
And give him sugar on his bread,
And find it very sweet to be
A reservoir of sympathy.

But I'm afraid the day may come
When I shall find it wearisome
To register solicitude
Because he's cross or tired or rude
Or melancholy, so I guess
I'll stick to single blessedness.

—MARGARET FISHBACK

•

GIVING THE MAYOR A HELPING HAND

"At fourteen years of age," said the Mayor, "Mr. Voorhis became a clerk in the law office of John Jay, at 4 New Street, on a salary of one dollar a week. He served subpoenas and pumped out the water in the cellar at high tide. After three years of service with Mr. Jay he was advanced to a dollar seventy-five a week."—*From a speech of Mayor Walker quoted in the Herald Tribune.*

At the age of fourteen he became a clerk at one dollar a week in the law office of John Jay, at 4 New Street. Johnny served subpoenas, and pumped out the cellar, which became flooded at unusually high tides.

In three years his salary soared to a dollar seventy-five a week—*From the Profile of Mr. Voorhis in a recent* NEW YORKER.

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PARIS LETTER

PARIS, JULY 3

THE high-yellow "Blackbirds" company, late of Harlem, and containing some of the original cast, has stopped the town at the Moulin-Rouge. The *promenoir* is filled with devotees who attend regularly, three times a week. As a revue it is drawing the French in crowds—an appreciation and comment which all the competing nude French spectacles at the Casino, Folies, or Marigny have failed to elicit even from the Anglo-Saxons.

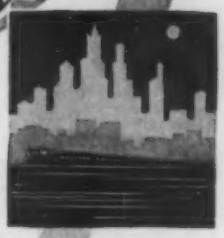
The capital of France is momentarily in the grip of a theatrical foreign-language crisis. Seven Parisian theatres are at present playing or singing in English. "And we should be curious to know," italicizes *Comœdia*, with its customary chauvinism, "if the same number of French plays are being given in New York *in French?*" To which the answer, if *Comœdia* wants it, is "Nope."

Hope Hampton and the Hon. Fellowes Gordon have been Toscas and Manons at the Comique, Ganna Walska, regarded as American, has starred in the ill-fated "La Castiglione." Among these various adventures, the most worthy and least temporary is the American Theatre Company of Paris, directed by Wendell Phillips Dodge, at the Mathurins. Less pleasing is the Wilette Kershaw organization at the Studio des Champs-Elysées, presenting, according to its publicity, "Maya, the Forbidden Play, in English," which they will follow, if their box office and the devilishness of the local Americans' taste holds out, with a dramatic version of "The Well of Loneliness," and, possibly, "The Captive"—in short, a season of banned plays.

It remains debatable whether the French will enjoy having their city used as a puritanic theatrical peep-show, especially of Anglicized versions of French plays which, in French, had already enjoyed a respectable vogue.

THE American palate being as important as any piece of luggage you are bringing on your French tour, new notes for its satisfaction are still *de rigueur*. According to Eugene Shoecraft, unique and successful

Faster



RECENTLY The Milwaukee Road speeded up things between Chicago and Seattle. The schedule of the New Olympian was shortened by five hours—saving you a business day.

But the New Olympian is distinguished by more than a fast schedule. This queen of de luxe trains, the only transcontinental roller-bearing train, is operated by electricity for 656 *soot-less, cinderless, mountain* miles and has everything known to travel in the way of equipment and appointments. Cuisine by Rector of Broadway fame.

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Through the raindrops' silver sheen.
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American proprietor of a French restaurant—La Petite Chaise, in the Rue de Grenelle—remember, when ordering from a French kitchen, to order like the French. Do not expect cold luncheonettes; for lunch expect nothing colder than a *terrine* or, with your salad, Strasbourg gooseliver, most of which, according to Mr. Shoecraft, comes from Hungary, whence it is sent to Strasbourg for its label. In beginning your meal also remember that though black caviar is the American favorite, the *gros gris*, obtainable only at a few houses in Paris, is really superior (and just as expensive), and that the black Russian is largely black French, anyhow, fished from sturgeon in the Loire and prepared by Russian *émigrés* here.

Recall that French salmon is inferior to Scottish; for great Parisian parties the salmon is frequently imported by airplane. French trout is also considered inferior to the German or Austrian *lachsforellen*, which come from icy mountain streams. The best in Europe is to be eaten in Gutenstein, Austria; and don't forget his cheeks are the best bit of him.

CONCERNING meats, bear in mind that French beef is not as desirable as the Belgian, and that French restaurants serve you yesterday's beef tomorrow; according to La Petite Chaise, beef must be hung for exactly eight days to become good steak. Game, always magnificent and varied, should be eaten whenever seasonally or legally obtainable, the relative smallness of France allowing the importation of odd animals from other European woods. Bear, particularly, has grown popular again for the first

time in two hundred years, and when in season is on sale weekly in the Halles.

As for chicken, recall that while we have two general types—one for boiling, one for frying—the French have at least six and do not expect a reputable chef to mix the species inappropriately. *Le poulet reine*, one of the dearest, is a young pullet used only for roasting; Bresse chickens are the only fowl fine enough to be eaten cold, and, coupled with those from Le Mans, the only ones worthy to be served with *farce*. Cocks are decently served only in a pasty or in red wine with onions.

CHAMPAGNE, it must be recalled, is merely a geographic district which alone has the legal right to use the name for a wine. If processed in neighboring regions, the wine must be bottled as Mousseux and is sold for much less, though perhaps equal in merit. Arbois Mousseux is the peer of many champagnes, costs about 15 francs a bottle and, when obtainable in the vintage of 1921, the last great champagne year, cannot be bettered. Sparkling Burgundy, the only red wine to be chilled, is now occasionally listed on wine cards. It has been practically unknown to the French, for it was originally prepared for American consumption. Rhine and Moselle wines, once popular, are difficult to get in their honest state. According to Mr. Shoecraft, a Brauneberger 1915, at 13 marks a bottle, is excellent if dear. A Deidesheimer, at 3 marks, and the finest wine of 1915 to be found in the land, does not stand travel.

FINALLY, remember that French cheeses are seasonal. Gruyère is the only year-round cheese, and is Swiss besides. Camembert is at its best only in the spring, as is Pont-l'Evêque, whose season, however, lasts a little longer. Brie is good only in winter. St. Maur, the best goat's cheese, is an autumn sport.

And remember that a true epicure who has dined well regards all liqueurs as filthy. Only brandy, Marc, Armagnac, or Calvados of château birth, are fitting epitaphs to fine food. —GENÊT

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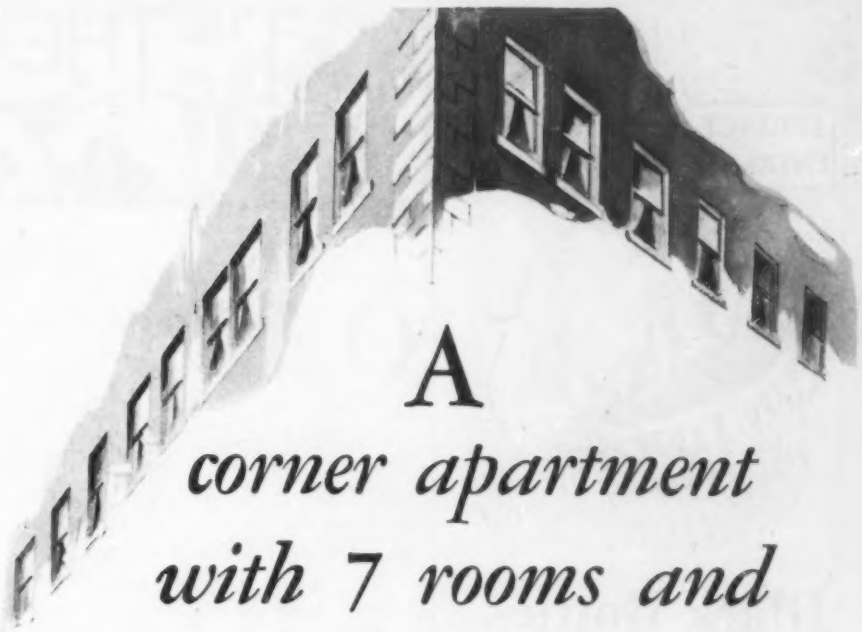
Mr. and Mrs. John Madaras of 7 Fishkill Avenue are the parents of twin sons born July 3 at their home. They have been named William.—*Poughkeepsie Eagle News.*

That ought to hold them.



A *corner apartment with 7 rooms and* 15 Outside Windows

NINE of these large outside windows face the east—and not one of the entire 15 opens on a court. All the sunshine that comes through these windows is the real thing. In other ways too, this apartment is well-planned. The living room, 15' x 24', is well proportioned. It has a fireplace and an eastern exposure—and opens into a dining room 15' x 17', and a corner library or bedroom with three windows and an adjoining bath. There are 9 closets in all and a maid's room. For this apartment on the 5th floor, the maintenance charge is $2,205...the rental value in this vicinity, is about $4,500. Plans by J. E. R. Carpenter, construction by Dwight P. Robinson & Co., Inc. 100% co-operative—ready this Fall.

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THE THEATRE

MUSIC IN JULY

ONE disadvantage of being so nearly infallible a showman as Mr. Ziegfeld is the affront people feel if one produces something not up to standard. "Show Girl," at the Ziegfeld, is a case in point. It is distinctly below the Ziegfeld par, and I find myself as sulky as though he'd pulled a chair from under me.

The fault (excuse me if you've heard this one) lies principally with the book, which was soggily adapted by William Anthony McGuire from J. P. McEvoy's novel, but George Gershwin has aided by providing the weakest score he has written. The best one can say for most of Mr. Gershwin's tunes in this batch is that, while reminiscent, they're reminiscent of Mr. Gershwin's own compositions. A brilliant exception is his "An American in Paris," which is used for a ballet against a lovely setting.

In his performers Mr. Ziegfeld has been more fortunate. Ruby Keeler Jolson, who plays Dixie Dugan, the show girl, is enchanting-looking, far above musical-comedy average as an actress, and a tip-top dancer.

Clayton, Jackson, and Durante are the comedians. Having regarded them in their various night clubs with something little short of idolatry for years, I can't write of them dispassionately. It seems to me that Jimmy Durante has the funniest face on earth, and there's a quality of high, wild burlesque in everything the three do which is irresistible. Their stuff is their own, of course, and to me inexplicably convulsing, but I must admit that they are not yet quite so effective on the stage as they were in the intimate atmosphere of the Rendezvous.

It might go without saying that the ladies of the ensemble are gorgeous beyond description, and a swarm of Albertina Rasch girls brings down the house from time to time with the mighty forces of pulchritude and rhythm.

IN "Earl Carroll's Sketch Book," at the Earl Carroll, that patient artist presents *croquis* from many a source. The one I remember most vividly is a gay and risqué sketch called "On a Green Hillside," which might well have been a cover for *La Vie Parisienne*.

Then Master Carroll has looked over Master Ziegfeld's shoulder and thought to improve what he saw. Instead of having ambling ponies bear nude girls down a hillside he has nude girls ride ponies across a treadmill at the full gallop. The effect is very mænad.

Master Carroll has taken an even wiser and probably more irritating liberty in getting Eddie Cantor, whom Master Ziegfeld must have come to regard as his own property, to write many of his sketches. As a result the "Sketch Book" is far funnier than any Earl Carroll show I remember.

There are also good tunes ("Kinda Cute," "Fascinating You," "Like Me Less and Love Me More"), beaded curtains, much tap dancing, and an infinite number of those slow over-turnings of the body which, one deduces, is Master Carroll's definition of the supreme achievement possible to grace.

Then there is Will Mahoney. I am sorry to report that he sings "I'm Her Willie, She's My Lily" again, but otherwise he is grand. The comedy of that dance wherein he tries to outwit his failing balance by every desperate means still draws from me a demoniac laugh just as he crashes down.

The roughneck antics of the trio called The Three Sailors are wildly amusing for a time but one is given too much of them. (I sometimes wonder if Earl Carroll has mastered that final art, Restraint.) The feminine comedy is in the capable hands of Patsy Kelly; the

chief singing falls to the Phelps Twins.

All this, combined with a lavish, nay prodigal, use of the commodity which made Earl Carroll what he is, seems to me to make his "Sketch Book" excellent entertainment.

"BOMBOOLA," at the Royale, is an all-colored musical comedy, but one with a fly-blown white plot: the girl who makes good on Broadway but marries the boy from back home.

As is true with every colored musical show, the comedy flows along with ease and utter naturalness, but the instant plot appears, its painful artificiality is twice as apparent as it would be with the stylized performances of seasoned white players.

Isabell Washington, who demonstrated her ability to deliver sassy lines in "Harlem," plays the leading rôle, a depressingly sweet one which gives small opportunity to her gusto.

The show boasts another of those choruses of male dancers which are such a unique feature of black opera: six, or perhaps eight, vigorous bucks who go through their routines as though each were a solo dancer with success dependent on his individual efforts. "Bomboola" has other good hoofing and good singing of so-so songs, and rates the adjective "fair." —CHARLES BRACKETT

•

PITTSFIELD, June 22—The Bormoline family of Farnums in the town of Cheshire had a busy day yesterday. Serino Bormoline is raising chickens. Back of the coop in a tree on a ledge he noticed several hawks. He secured his shotgun and climbed the ledge to shoot them. He slipped, the gun hit the ledge, discharged, and the buckshot hit Serino in the right arm, the chest, and the face. His brother, Henry, brought him to the House of Mercy Hospital in this city. A child was born to Mrs. Serino Bormoline yesterday. Serino's father was struck by an automobile.—*Springfield (Mass.) Union.*

They've been reading novels of the soil, those Bormolines.

She was a Dancer in a Broadway Show

•

and she married a small town boy. His parents wished to be sure that their daughter-in-law was the right wife for their son. McIntyre was retained. He and his staff of experienced investigators found a way to pick the girl from a chorus of fifty—found, further, that her life was blameless in every particular. If you wish to make certain of anything now affecting your private or business life—you will find McIntyre sure—swift—and confidential.

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By HELEN GRACE CARLISLE

Three good girls from Chicago and what happens to them in New York. $2.50

JONATHAN CAPE & HARRISON SMITH
139 East 46th Street New York

ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS

LONDON, JULY 3

NOW I know what has become of the hundreds of frocks with normal waistlines, and the reams of beige lace that were made in Paris the last few months and then disappeared. They've all come to London. England seems to take the normal waistline seriously. As for the beige lace, the shops seem to be more interested than the people themselves.

The best-looking things in what are called "race clothes" here, and what used to be known to us as afternoon dresses and coats, are printed crêpe de Chine, not chiffon, with the design repeated in the weave of the darkish backgrounds, giving a sort of shadow to the printed pattern. For lunch in town, Englishwomen are wearing these with wide-brimmed hats of fine straw or linen, starched stiff as a collar and molded into shape. There is a nice balance between the bigness of the hats and the wide necklines, which are a cross between a straight bateau and V-shape.

THE sweaters and sports shoes that one expects of London are a bit disappointing. The two smartest sweater fashions originated in Paris—one a crew-neck pullover of lace-knit, and the other a jersey version of a man's shirt, collar, tie, yoke, and all, tucked into a tweed skirt marked at the normal waist with a mannish brown leather belt.

Some oxfords that I followed around Ranelagh as being very English turned out to be Sandalari's. They come in brown or white suede and have fine strips of leather stitched through the decorative spots, like hand-sewn gloves. If they reach New York, don't miss wearing the heels. They're still called military, but they're really sports heels graduated from the ingénue class. Gillies are to be seen everywhere; London shopkeepers are enthusiastic about the new monk shoes, which fit high over the instep; and for evening there are some stunning slippers of Chinese embroidery, and sets of matching bag and slippers done in appliqué of dyed leathers. It's hardly fair to mention the last as English, for they are the work of Classen-Smith's own hand, and most of it is done in Paris.

COATS—now here is a subject the English designers know backwards. At Poutz and *chez* Christabel Russell, I found some fine tweed ones, with the sleeve tops pressed out round and full in a way that would almost give a boyish look if it weren't for some savingly feminine lines around the hips.

If you're getting a coat and looking forward to cold weather, pick out tweeds as thick as your cigarette case, tweed for your linings too, and have

• •

"The Royal Huntsman, one of our best numbers."

WALKING into W. & J. Sloane's is like entering a world where time and place are unknown. Carpets colored with the glow of the Orient, tapestries woven in the Queen Anne manner, ornamental chairs in the lavish styles of Louis XIV, bedroom suites austere in their Spanish beauty, massive torcheres reminiscent of Italian Renaissance splendor, high and lowboys as humble and severe as the Pilgrims themselves—all are being assembled for the Great Summer Sale of Home Furnishings, which promises the finest opportunity ever offered by this establishment. Beginning July 29th, it is worth waiting for.

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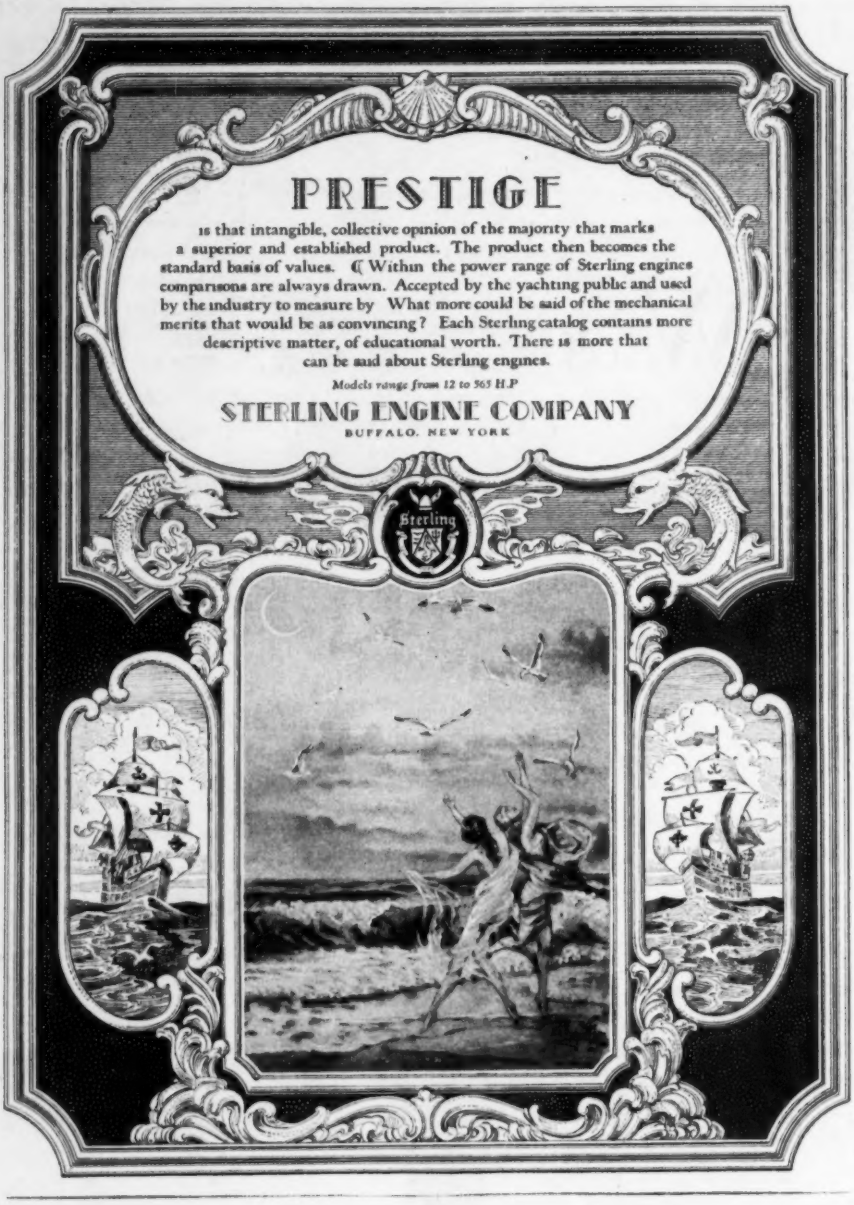
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your shoulders and sleeves good and baggy. It seems that winter coat collars are going to be either of beaver—or of beaver; there's no getting away from browns, I suppose. —B. M.

THIS AND THAT

Rumbles in the Rain —Rice Beads for Summer—Round About

ONCE upon a time a gentleman unused to discomfort was lured, by some diabolical means, into a rumble-seat and there subjected to a series of thundershowers which ruffled both his temper and his starched collar. When his fury at the whole rumble-seat system had somewhat subsided, however, he decided to do things about the thundershower problem and went to work very constructively to solve it. The result, which will confront your delighted eyes on the main floor at Altman, is the Open Seat Poncho. This is a light and airy affair of rubberized pongee, with two holes for two heads to slip through and an arrangement whereby the poncho is securely fastened around the seat, thereby eliminating both flapping and dampness. Hats of rubberized pongee complete the ensemble, which folds into an envelope small enough to put in the side pocket, and costs $35. If you want to be really practical, of course, you can buy a sedan, but in any case this new gadget is a decided boon to the embattled extras in roadsters.

MISS HOYE, who has her headquarters in the Ley Building, at Fifty-sixth Street and Madison Avenue, is noted primarily for the excellence of her manicures. They never do one nail at a time, but go over all of them several times, so that the work is gradual and surprisingly permanent. A love of a manicure, my dears. In addition, excellent facials are at your disposal, and there is, upon the premises, a girl who learned the art of pedicure in France, where not even a big toe is too humble to be regarded as a potential work of art. You will have to have the intricate surgical work upon your feet done by one of those very medical chiropodists around town, but the subsequent beautifying of the nails, so that barefoot sandals are a joy and

a delight, will be cheerfully accomplished here.

DESPITE the general languor of the season, new models from Paris continue to pour into Natica, Ltd., at 11 West Fiftieth Street. The loveliest of them are one or two-piece frocks of crêpe de Chine in soft colors, adorned with bits of hand hemstitching and embroidery, or stencilled in contrasting colors, the design being outlined with colored thread. Little tricks like having the box pleats of the skirt start very big and become half the size at the hem make them more amusing, and the workmanship and color combinations are masterly. For the exquisite and rather dressy type of woman they are ideal. Most of them have long sleeves, defying an age in which fads are taken very seriously, but the sleeves, naturally, may be removed if you like. There are all kinds of ropes of rice, wooden, and metallic beads in brilliant colors to adorn your summer dresses or pajamas; there is a solid little French alarm clock in a leather case that fastens exactly like a Gladstone bag; and lots of new French scarves, in perfectly wild shapes and charming colors.

HERE AND THERE AND ROUND ABOUT: The monk golf shoes referred to in the London Fashion Letter may be found at the Shoecraft Shops, 24 West Fortieth Street, and elsewhere. . . . The new sifter powder boxes for the handbag, from Bertie, 695 Fifth Avenue, are covered with a gay paper that resembles summery calicoes. Very sunshiny. . . . Tot's Toggerie, 634 Fifth Avenue, which gives your children a custom-made look, makes ideal topcoats for your young ones, and tenderly allows for growth by the depth of the seams. . . . Scarcely five years from the time when no woman of refinement would have dreamed of wearing underthings with anything more than a bit of hemstitching upon them, Vera Sanville, 746 Madison Avenue, is showing an Empire nightgown of satin crêpe and lace with the skirt in wrap-around style, just to be saucy. . . . Try Noxzema, at your favorite drugstore, for that really painful sunburn. Effective and not greasy. —L. L.

•

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TROLLOPING IN HOBOKEN

HOBOKEN in the days of the Elysian Fields (forgive my mentioning Hoboken again, but I've been looking up some of its odd history) was indeed, as THE NEW YORKER's jocular draughtsman suggested in a recent intaglio, the favorite picnic and flirtation ground of the thirties and forties. The artist shows a group of beaux and belles on the green near what was then called the Hoebuck Ferry, reeling a sort of saraband. But I wish some humorous draughtsman would let his pencil go free in an imaginative sketch of the curious mechanical contraptions invented by Colonel Stevens, Hoboken's manorial proprietor of those days, for the pastime of young frolickers.

It was Colonel Stevens' steam ferry, finally established in 1822 after many legal quarrels (Livingston and Fulton held a monopoly on steam ferries, and Stevens had had to propel his by mule or horsepower), that eventually made the Elysian Fields available for New York romance. Not until then was it possible for young couples to spend a summer evening in Hoboken and still return home across the river at a discreet hour. From that time on Hoboken became New York's most renowned purlieu of sentiment. Not even the Long Island Motor Parkway has ever exceeded it. It was even supposed that Turtle Grove (north of where Stevens Institute now stands) was named in honor of the Paphian pigeons. This is not so: it was christened in repute of the rich turtle soup served at the nearby inn. The Hoboken Turtle Club was a famous sodality of gastronomes, and its membership cards are still preserved in old family scrapbooks.

Colonel Stevens was a mechanical genius and his grounds were equipped with all sorts of surprises for the amusement of the public. On the Green, above the ferry house, were Aerial Ways, an anticipation of the modern switchback or scenic railway. There was a Flying Machine, propelled by concealed mules; rudimentary Ferris wheels, wax statues, even an actual Buffalo Hunt, staged by P. T. Barnum. But pleasantest to read of was a sort of toy railway, a double circular track with a hand-car. Part of the attraction of this exercise seems to have been the blushing disarray the rapid motion (going as high as twenty miles an hour) caused in the copious millinery of that day. A visitor in 1831 describes it:

> A circular railway for the exercise of the youth of both sexes is pleasantly situated under a clump of tall forest trees, several hundred yards in extent. There was a couple of gay carriages on it, driven with the hand. Here you might observe a gay young gallant handing to seat some timid blushing miss, and gently folding in the stray portions of her airy drapery, while he plants himself by her side, and away they wheel, round and round, till the arm is tired, or the fair one gently whispers "enough." They now descend and retire beneath the surrounding foliage, to whisper (all very sweet, no doubt) of bright days to come.

AND now I hear, from the gentleman himself concerned, a charming story which proves that Hoboken is still a region of sensibility and *Schmerz*, just as it was in Colonel Stevens' day. For indeed a *genius loci* does not change. A well-known New York editor and the lady now his wife visited the Old Rialto Theatre last December in the early days of "After Dark." They had so cheery an evening that they decided to get spliced; and nothing would satisfy the damsel but that the ceremony should be performed in Hoboken. So they returned there a few days later prepared to the utmost. They lunched at the Hofbrau, in that little downstairs room where the piano is, a room not discovered at that time by most of the New York visitors. There, after lunch, they played the wedding march and rehearsed their lines. Alas, owing to the obduracy of New Jersey law they were disappointed: it was not possible to get a license and be married in Hoboken on the same day; not at any rate without more baksheesh than they cared to submit to. So they hopped a car and fled to Brooklyn, where regulations are more flexible. Though Brook-

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lyn justified her old tradition of gallantry, the husband still considers that spiritually the marriage was really made in Hoboken; he returned only the other day to the Hofbrau for a luncheon of sentimental souvenir, where I found him gazing bright-eyed into his brew.

IT was excellent Mrs. Trollope, in her "Domestic Manners of the Americans" (1832), a book that caused great uproar in its time, who deplored the habit of New York husbands spending their Sundays in the rustic delights of Hoboken while their womenfolks were in church in town:

> How is it that the men of America, reckoned good husbands and good fathers, can leave those they love best on earth bound in the iron chains of a most tyrranical fanaticism? How can they breathe the balmy air of Hoboken and not think of the tainted atmosphere so heavily weighing upon breasts still dearer than their own? How can they gaze upon the blossoms of the spring, and not remember the fairer cheeks of their young daughters, waxing pale, as they sit for long sultry hours, immured with hundreds of fellow victims, listening to the roaring vanities of a preacher?
>
> Or do they deem their hebdomadal freedom more complete because their wives and daughters are shut up four or five times in the day at church or chapel? It is true that at Hoboken, as every where else, there are *reposoires*, which as you pass them blast the sense for a moment, by reeking forth the fumes of whiskey and tobacco, and it may be that these cannot be entered with a wife or a daughter. The proprietor of the grounds, however, has contrived with great taste to render these abominations not unpleasing to the eye. . . .

The delightful Mrs. Trollope—who was, of course, the mother of the much more famous novelist—was a long way before her time. Her opinions, which caused blasting indignation among American ladies of the thirties, are very much those of any civilized person of today. I wish I might quote you her remarks on mixed bathing as practiced at Long Branch. Some other time, maybe.

—CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

•

CATANIA, Italy, July 1 (UN).—"Do you take this woman to be your wedded wife?" asked the parish priest of Sebastiano Villaeuro as he stood at the church altar with Signora Conceita Cardi here.

"No," firmly responded Villaeuro to the astonishment of the congregation.

The wedding was canceled.—*Dallas (Tex.) News.*

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TEE AND GREEN

From a Locker-Room Window—Jones' Unplayable Lie—Switches in the Rain

BOBBY JONES has now suffered the misfortune of everyone whose exploits are so formidable that they have become monotonous. You might expect that his extraordinary record for the last ten years in the National Open alone would be enough to make his prestige equal in its way to Lindbergh's or Babe Ruth's. For some reason this has never happened. Bobby Jones is taken for granted.

Critics of his game explain this variously. Some say he isn't a showman, he lacks the moods and eccentricities necessary for creating a legend; they say he is not a good match player, that he is too mechanical to be interesting. I don't think these criticisms are valid. Everything about Jones—his composure in competition, the round, easily recognizable lines of his plump figure, and the fact that he finds practice in his spare time enough to make him a better player than any pro in the world—sets him apart as a fellow with a style of his own. As far as match play goes, he has won more tournaments that way than he has in medal play. He isn't regarded as a hero principally because he doesn't want to be.

AT Winged Foot he threw away two chances for a gesture that would have been talked about long after people had forgotten how many times he has won the Open. I mean his putt at the end of the fourth round, the worst and one of the most exciting rounds he ever played. He began it with the title apparently won, and then his gallery was entertained with the amazing spectacle of Jones going to pieces—the champion who had always played with the impersonality of a robot suddenly forgetting under pressure how to play his favorite explosion shot, so that he chopped like a beginner from bunker to bunker across a green. Someone ran up to the locker-room with the wild news that Jones had used up more strokes than

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he had ever taken in his life for sixteen holes, that he had left the sixteenth needing two 3's to tie Espinosa, whose card of 294, including an 8 on one hole in the last round, was already posted, and who just then, with the comfortable assurance that he was beaten, was getting ready to take a shower. For a second Espinosa thought that a caprice of fate had made him champion, but by the time Jones started up the eighteenth fairway the rumor of his disintegration was corrected by the positive knowledge that he needed a 4 to tie.

EVERYONE in the locker-room was standing at the windows, looking over the heads of the crowd around the tee. Espinosa didn't look. He sat in a wicker chair with a towel around him, smoking a cigarette. Occasionally he asked a question and somebody at the window answered him without turning; the room was full of the murmur of the crowd outside, with sometimes a single voice, usually a woman's pitched high with excitement, standing out separately. Those who were looking down told Espinosa where Jones' drive had landed, told him when Jones was addressing his approach. For a second the crowd blotted out all other sounds, and then Espinosa stood up and asked, "Where is he?"

"He's over the green with his second."

Espinosa went to the window and asked again where Jones was. The green was empty and the crowd quiet. Then a ball with a little plume of sand flying behind it appeared on the right corner of the green and Jones climbed out of the trap. That was when he had a twelve-foot putt to get a half with Espinosa, and threw away his chance for a memorable gesture. Presuming that he knew Espinosa's score—and it is unlikely that he didn't, for even if no one had told him

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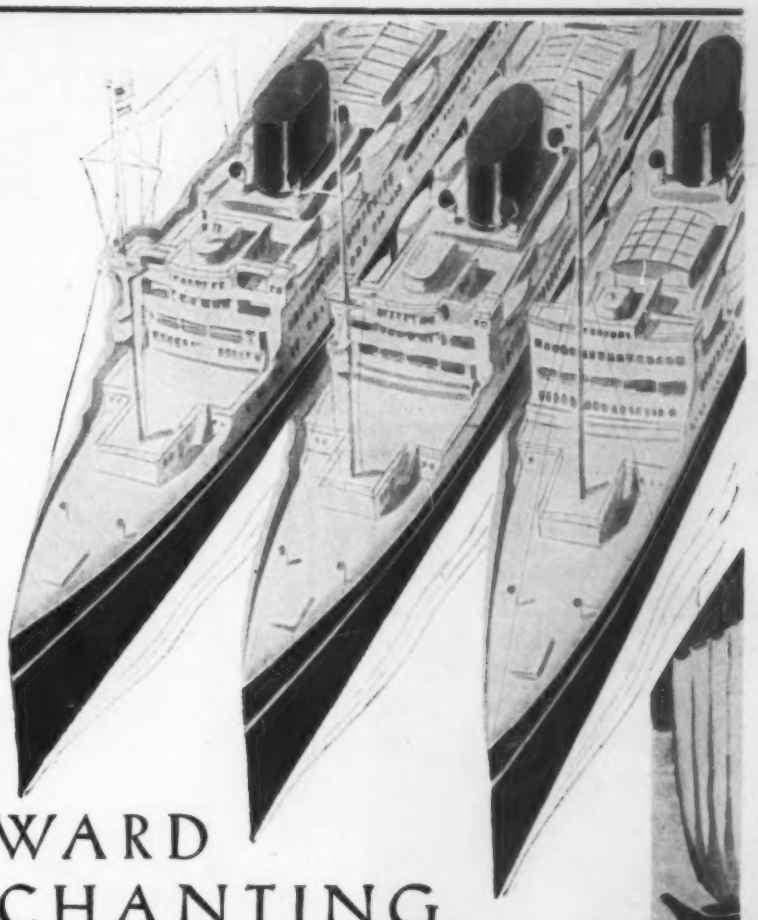

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he must have heard it from the people in his gallery, who had discussed nothing else for the last four or five holes—Jones must have been aware that by flubbing or deliberately refusing to hole that putt he would have given his rival a title worth sixty or seventy thousand dollars. Nor would he have been sacrificing anything except the far from novel satisfaction of winning another Open; to him as an amateur the title had no value in money, except indirectly, from endorsements and syndicated writings. He could have kicked his ball over to his caddy and told him to put it in the bag. If Jones considered this possibility at all, which I don't believe occurred to him, he probably figured that such an act would be bad sportsmanship. He might have been right, but that it would have made him a great figure to the public cannot be doubted.

WHAT he did with the unplayable lie he got into on the fifteenth hole in the playoff next day was another instance of his anxiety to win. To lift a ball from a place where it can't be played is made fair enough by accepting a penalty, but Jones didn't keep within a club's length of his lie or behind it as the rule prescribes, and he didn't drop the ball over his shoulder in the way prescribed by common practice. He teed it up in rough that had been agreeably trampled down by the spectators who helped him look for it. When he had played it, Espinosa went up and protested.

"I'll leave it to the officials," Jones said, and the representatives of the U.S.G.A., an organization that has never shown eagerness to make things hard for amateurs in general, or Jones in particular, ruled that he was within his rights. Possibly they were the same officials who in the rain on the second day allowed an Italian with a switch broom around the course with Jones to sweep the water off the greens. Even this did not seriously irritate the competing professionals, none of whom bears Jones ill-will for the favoritism shown him. They know he is too good a golfer to need it. —N. B., Jr.

•

There was but one "drunk" in Burnet on the 4th of July and that was a case from Williamson County, named Keeler, or Kelly. City Marshal Francis was about to take him, when he leaped upon a fast horse and left town in a blue streak. —*Burnet (Tex.) Bulletin.*

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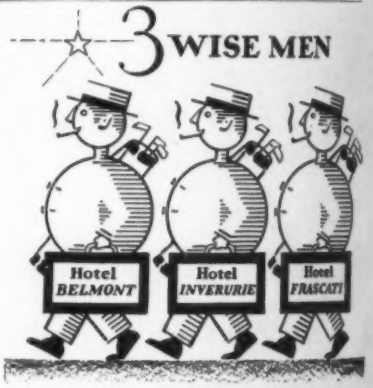

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MUSICAL EVENTS

The Stadium Concerts Are With Us Again, in Blue and Yellow

NOT much critical attention is devoted to the Stadium Concerts, because, as every city editor knows, music that is played in the summer really is not worthy of notice. There is a tradition that a concert played after April 15—and in the open air at that—is on a level with selections from "The Chimes of Normandy" performed by a beer-garden trio, and the Stadium Concerts suffer from this fascinating attitude on the part of serious music lovers.

Oddly enough, the Stadium programs (which are contrived with benefit of that brilliant program architect, Lawrence Gilman) are considerably better, so far as musical content is concerned, than most of the programs which have the sanctity of a roof and an audience that arrives late. Just how solid the Stadium fare is may be estimated by the official bulletin in which "a lighter program" is set forth. The "lighter program" consists of "Scheherazade," "The Afternoon of a Faun," Gilbert's "Negro Overture," the Overture to "Tannhäuser," and a Strauss waltz. It may be that the inclusion of the waltz makes this program "lighter" than the program of the following evening, on which one finds the Prelude to "Lohengrin," excerpts from "Rosamunde," bits of ballet music by Gluck, and the Franck Symphony.

REDECORATED in "bright blue and glowing yellow" (I quote this from a public manifesto by the management), the Stadium is a trifle more giddy than it used to be, but musically it still is one of our sanest institutions. Mr. Van Hoogstraten is in his eighth season, and this year there is to be only one guest—Albert Coates, whose somewhat florid style is an asset for the delectation of Stadium crowds. There have been a number of distinguished visitors directing the Philharmonic-Symphony in Mr. Lewisohn's amphitheatre, but Mr. Van Hoogstraten's popularity is not over-

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Make a test today with her famous Ortosan 5-in-One Skinfood. A dash of Ortosan in the morning will protect face and neck during the entire day. A slight film safeguards the body even in salt water bathing, leaving the smart, becoming summer tan without the horror of painful sunburn. For a blistering skin, apply Ortosan 5-in-One; it will stop pains almost immediately.

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At all leading New York, Philadelphia, Chicago and Detroit department stores, Neve, Whalen and other drug stores, or send $2.00 to Mme. Hermance direct for a jar of her famous Ortosan 5-in-One, a face muscle training chart and scientific booklet "The Secret of Retaining a Young Face and A Beautiful Skin."

ORTOSAN

Mme. Louise Hermance, Inc.

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shadowed by transients. The obvious sincerity of the man and his respect for his audience (not altogether a common trait in our batonists) account for part of his popularity. There is, however, a more subtle reason for Mr. Van Hoogstraten's success up in 137th Street; it is his uncanny adaptation of dynamics to fit the rather bewildering acoustics of the place.

Your Stadium devotee may make the trip to escape a stuffy room, to meet his friends, to indulge in a little polite lovemaking to symphonic accompaniment, or merely to enjoy the concert. Whatever his motive—and usually it is a musical one—he insists on hearing the orchestra. Many an able conductor has attempted refinements that resulted in inaudibility. Mr. Van Hoogstraten does not sacrifice tonal gradations, but he makes them on a scale that suits his surroundings. His "Freischütz" Overture, for instance, has plenty of contrast, but the pianissimi are skillfully contrived so that the quiet passages carry to the highest elevations in the grandstand. On the other hand, he does not force his brasses as if he were trying to blow the Amsterdam Avenue cars off the tracks or waken the dead up at 166th Street.

So—for music of summer nights, the best bet still is the Stadium; and the best place to sit is near the base of the grandstand, directly opposite the platform.

—R. A. S.

•

EXORCISM

No indeed, and no indeed,
I loved you not at all,
Or so incompletely
That I still recall
A certain July evening
With a waning moon,
A terrace in the garden
Whose lantern died so soon
That the only radiance
Came from the house nearby
On strains of "Pagliacci"
And a firefly
And a lone white iris.
Contemplating such,
Obviously it's folly
To say I loved you much.

—RUTH LAMBERT JONES

•

They caught a few catnips during the night, broken by flashes of lightning, loud thunder claps, and drenching rain—*The Evening Post.*

And they're hard to catch even on pleasant nights.

So You're Going Abroad . . . .

To Hoboken, our Riparian Rhinelnd
Room to dine . . . time to explore . . .
And no passports needed for

AFTER DARK

or Neither Maid, Wife nor Widow at
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by Rachel Crothers

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The Musical Comedy Knockout **HOLD EVERYTHING!** Victor Moore, Oue Munson, Bert Lahr, Jack Whiting

BROADHURST West 44 Street Mats. Wed. & Sat.

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NEWS

July 13, 14, 15—WILLIAM HAINES in "A Man's Man." July 16 & 17—100% talking picture "THE DANGEROUS WOMAN." July 18 & 19—all-talking "GENTLEMEN OF THE PRESS." July 20, 21, 22—"THE TRIAL OF MARY DUGAN."

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

With Modern Improvements

"I WANT to talk baby talk for hours together—I want to be loved" is one of the lines in "Charming Sinners" spoken by Ruth Chatterton with vehemence. It is a line that could be quoted to refute an assertion that there is much of high comedy, of an urbane and amusing tone, in the picture. There are lapses, certainly, into something rather nonsensical, but, taken by and large, it is an entertaining comedy for the summer evening.

"Charming Sinners," which opened at the Paramount, is the film adapted from Somerset Maugham's "The Constant Wife," and there may be those alive who will wonder at the choice of the new title. We are not close enough to the inside of cinema doings to elucidate that matter. Nor can we see any way in which the film version has improved upon the play. It is the story, you may remember, of a wife who remains cerebral and calm in the face of her husband's philandering with her best friend. In the play, if we recall correctly, she went into business, made herself financially independent, and then jaunted off on a trip with an old suitor, just to even things up. In the picture she wins the money at the races, all in one swoop, and then departs upon the trip alone and loyal. No question of a wife's duty is thus brought into the discussion, and we see clearly that her basic love is true and unsullied. The situation, as a result, becomes all the more inconsequential, and would practically have wasted away had it not been for Ruth Chatterton.

Miss Chatterton plays her part smoothly and delightfully, gets out of it all that this version allows, and her voice overcomes the somewhat muffled and occasionally faulty recording, which is more than can be said of some of the others in the cast. Both Clive Brook and William Powell do pretty well by themselves, and there are momentary glimpses of Laura Hope Crews—too momentary.

THE Capitol's new Lon Chaney offering, "Thunder," is a silent picture, and in other ways as well is

"here's to old nausea

my boys," said the clever cinema customer as he passed a site for sore eyes—"i can't swallow that — me for the delectable entertainment dished up

at the criterion

where paramount has abstracted from nether africa "four feathers" — beating about the bush with bill powell, dick arlen and clive brook

at the rivoli— united artists

is "thunderbolt" by jove and paramount . . . george bancroft floored by a frail and chaired on by the government

at the rialto

united artists still presents it's "alibi" convincing all beholders and cohearers that here's a talking picture that speaks for itself

at the paramount

are "dangerous curves" . . . clara bow running true to form . . . hip, hip, hooray. she's speaking for paramount. jesse crawford plays on the organ and paul ash on those receptive feminine imaginations; no chords lost

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"How peculiar . . . ."

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BOOKS, MAGAZINES AND THEATRE TICKETS

ARAB: *"Oh, Allah, send a generous shower of rain to quench our sunbaked thirst!"*
TRAVELER: *"Yeh, and how about a shower of Flit to quench these damn mosquitoes!"*

Advertisement

suggestive of some outworn manners. Mr. Chaney plays the part of an ancient engineer on the Chicago & Northwestern Railroad, a "lovable," irate old man. His son assists him as fireman, and at one time they fall into a family dispute and wreck the train, which jeopardizes their careers. However, by running a Red Cross train to the victims of a Mississippi flood, they salvage the family honor at the end.

There are numerous views of railroad yards, and the details of building a locomotive, somewhat in the manner of an educational film. If you plan to become an engineer or a fireman the picture may have more interest for you than it did for me, since I have abandoned such aspirations.

THOSE two pictures at least have something to offer. Among the others—"Behind That Curtain," from the Earl Derr Biggers story, is a mystery with the mystery carefully excised at the very beginning, and with the action delayed by a tendency toward aphoristic remarks. "The desert gives—and the desert takes away," a character will announce. It is not exciting. "The Time, the Place and the Girl" is comedy too crudely and roughly drawn to merit notice. "Fashions in Love," with Adolphe Menjou as usual, is also comedy, the comedy of the artistic temperament involved in an *affaire du cœur*. It merits little, if any, attention.

AT the Film Guild temple, "Spartakiada, or the Red Olympiad," a current-events film of the Russian Olympic games, shows us that among other improvements the Soviet has introduced pole vaulting into Russia. The photography might be improved. At least the Czar, we are sure, would have had better photography. —J. C. M.

•

THAT'S BOILING IT DOWN!

[*From the Mount Vernon Daily Argus*]

Mrs. Charles F. Herb, of Lexington Avenue, attended the luncheon of the Church and Drama League at the Hotel Roosevelt yesterday.

Among those who attended the luncheon of the Church and Drama League held in New York yesterday was Mrs. John Bromley, of Sycamore Avenue.

Mrs. James Flint Barclay, of Fleetwood Terrace, attended the luncheon of the Church and Drama League held yesterday at the Hotel Roosevelt.

GETTING PACKED

THE realization that you have only a week left before sailing. The resolve, born of grim experience, to start packing immediately. The trunk which gives your bedroom a crowded aspect. The suitcases which make it look like a setting for Eliza and the bloodhounds. The fine enthusiasm with which you bring out all the contents of your closet and bureau. Your quiet pride at thus tricking your baser nature, since you will now be forced to finish most of your packing before you can get into bed.

Your six presentable dresses, which you stow away with dispatch and neatness. The large collection of extraordinary garments which no right-minded person would think of taking anywhere. The spacious impulse to make them into a neat bundle for the Salvation Army. The sentiment. The weakness. The deplorable streak of meanness.

The invitation to luncheon which you accept with a glad enthusiasm at which even your hostess seems a bit surprised. The discovery that you will have to unpack a dress or go to luncheon in your negligee. The polite astonishment of your friends when you remark airily that you will practically have finished packing by this evening. The early departure because you are so frightfully busy. The shopping. The important letter. The cigarette. The light mending. The dinner. The absorbing bridge game. The return to your room a little after midnight.

The feeling that the whole business has suddenly assumed hideous proportions. Your slightly psychopathic tendency to wrap things up in tissue paper and lay them in suitcases. The nervous strain of unwrapping them again because they are essential to daily

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In addition your skin is wonderfully soft, smooth and supple!

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LINIT is sold by your Grocer.

THE BATHWAY TO A SOFT, SMOOTH SKIN.

What do they say . . . "behind your back"?

"A perfectly wonderful dinner"—that to your face.

But in their car, on the way home—ah, that's when the real judgment is passed. Frankly critical, or sincerely complimentary.

Says she: **Just fancy—ham at a dinner party.**

And he: **Yes—but *such* ham! What do you suppose their cook did to give ordinary ham that Lucullan flavor? I haven't tasted anything so good since Paris.**

And she: **Why, I recognized it at the first taste—that ham was baked in Sherry. Besides, I was with Madam Hostess yesterday when she ordered a bottle of Guasti Cooking Sherry from her grocer.**

And he: **Then let's have some ourselves—tomorrow.**

And she: **Easiest thing in the world.**

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Guasti Cooking Sherry is now legally available at leading grocers. Other *Guasti Cooking Aids* include Guasti Sauce a la Bercy, Guasti Sauce a la Bordelaise, Guasti Sauce a la Newburg, Guasti Sweet Sherry Flavoring, Guasti Sweet Port Flavoring, Guasti Sweet Sauterne Flavoring; also *Guasti Wine Jellies* in six varieties: Sherry, Burgundy, Sauterne, Port, Muscatel and Tokay.

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existence. The little lists you sit scribbling in quiet corners. The little lists that are found all over the house, meaningless and pathetic. Your assortment of large purple bruises which is practically unequalled because when you slip upstairs in the evening to move things from one bag to another, strange pieces of luggage lurk darkly in the corners you least suspect.

THE eve of your departure. The confusion. The chaos. The discovery that everything done up to the present is entirely useless. The nervous dread that you may not be ready by boat-time.

The complete abandonment of lists and systems. The growing fatigue and the tendency to pack things that will be a great surprise to you later. Your brain, which becomes a whirling vacuum. Your energy, which is practically inexhaustible. The dawn. The collapse. The inability to remember anything you have done since midnight. The inability to think, to plan, or even to sleep.

The arrival of the baggageman before you have finished breakfast. The missing trunk key and the general frenzy. The discovery of the trunk key at the bottom of your jewel-box. The departure of the trunk devoid of all labels, making it a very fascinating problem for the porters when it gets to the dock.

THE friends bringing bulky gifts you may want to slip into your suitcase. The pile of cherished possessions you are apparently going to be forced to take in a large paper parcel. The splendid English bag you rejected because even when empty it is so heavy you can't lift it. Your feverish gratitude as you now hastily fill it. The last frantic search through drifts of tissue paper for important things you have forgotten. The taxicab and your nervous anxiety because you can't really remember packing anything. The resolve that next trip you'll be systematic and efficient and start to get ready in plenty of time.

—ALICE FRANKFORTER

•

NEATEST TRICK OF THE WEEK

[From the World]

His greatest adventure, in 1868 as a volunteer in the Cuban insurrection, nearly cost him his life when he was captured and taken to Morro Castle, where he was condemned to be shot by a firing squad. He escaped, swam several streams, and eventually reached Chicago.

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"Then tell us, Mr. Mayor!"
"It comes in three parts"
"I'll try his butler!"
"Caviar, Caviarettes, Cocktails"

Bask, luxuriate, palpitate . . . while absorbing the combination of Caviar, Caviarettes and Cocktails. We remind you, Caviarettes are 'raised edge' little biscuit crisps which serve as dainty trays for Caviar and other tidbits. Fie on fussy preparation!

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.....FIVE THOUSAND .....Dollars

William C. Wallace

No. 956 Greenwich, Oct. 22

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Charlotte M. Wallace

No. 4011 New York, Feb. 8

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William C. Wallace

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Daisy W. Wallace

—THEODORE ST. JOHN

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RECE

Murder with an A... house — Sex, Sca...

IT takes a conscientious and noble character to dive into a two-volume novel—and a translation from the Italian at that—these sweet and shiftless days. "The Seven Vices," however (and may Heaven forgive that title), is its own reward. Guglielmo Ferrero takes you to Rome in the eighteen-nineties before, as he says, "the palaces were hotels or the hotels palaces." His novel revolves around a *cause célèbre*: a lovely lady is accused of poisoning her worthless husband. The persons concerned are as inclusive as the cast of a tabloid scandal.

Here is a scientist, a notoriety-seeking muddlehead whose reputation depends on the outcome of the case. Here is a maid whose loyalty to her mistress lands her in jail. Here is a young man—the hero of the novel—plunged into conflict with his wealthy father because of his chance connection with the Cavalieri case. At the end of the two volumes you know them all as well as the Gorslines, the Minnie Clarks, and the Sally Peterses of the Hall-Mills extravaganza.

Signor Ferrero is none of your thin-lipped, narrow-chested, half-hearted writers. When he writes, he writes, breathlessly and dramatically. His style is bouncing, vivacious, and richly Italian. He pauses in his narrative to invoke Justice, Truth, History, Poetry, and other buxom ladies usually encountered only in mural decorations. This flamboyance belongs in the picture he paints; it gives his book something of the prodigal beauty of the city he writes of so shrewdly and so lovingly.

JUANITA TANNER is the author of "The Intelligent Man's Guide to Marriage and Celibacy." Juanita is the daughter of old man John Tanner of "Man and Superman." You are supposed to run around the streets asking: "Who do you suppose Juanita Tanner really is? Is she Warner Fabian? Is she Beatrice Fairfax?" This reviewer will do no such thing, and in fact doesn't care if Juanita is a man, a woman, or George Bernard Shaw himself.

Juanita's book is written in a smooth enough imitation of the style of "The

BOOKS

Tireless Mr. Wode- / the Pope's Peace

Intelligent Woman's Guide to Capitalism and Socialism," and it makes sex as dull and gray a thing as Mr. Shaw's perfect state of equal incomes for all. Perhaps it is all a joke; certainly the more intelligent a man is the less need he has for a guide to marriage, and still more remote is his need for a guide to celibacy. However—this is fair warning—we can only yawn over books that view with alarm and witty flutterings the fact that while grandmother had fourteen children and did her own housework (both of which she probably did not) her granddaughter wears a sunback bathing suit and owns an electric icebox.

AFTER that, let's turn to Mr. P. G. Wodehouse. Let us more than turn to Mr. Wodehouse. Let us bury our head on his shoulder and cry. Every time you open a book by him you do so with the dread that maybe something has happened. Maybe he has gone stale. Maybe too much writing for magazines has taken its toll. Nothing like that happens to Mr. Wodehouse, though. He goes right on being the gayest and most spontaneous of them all.

The only thing to say about "Fish Preferred" is to advise you to get the book, and then expect to be shot down for trying to read aloud the little incident of the tennis balls and the prize pig.

THOSE who relish such lush delights will be in a mad delirium of joy over Basil Woon's "From Deauville to Monte Carlo." Here are all the glamorous ladies and gentlemen of the Sunday Supplements—Count Boni de Castellane, Mrs. Jean Nash, and Henri Letellier—caught in their native haunts. Mr. Woon retells all the Casino gossip that alternates with articles called "Is There Life on Mars?" in the pages of Mr. Hearst's contributions to the Sabbath. The book is a guidebook to the gay places of France—for those who will never get there.

THE author of "Pope or Mussolini," John Hearley, is a former attaché at the American Embassy in Rome. He has been an observer—and partisan—of the strange peace pact between the Pope and the Duce, which

Marie Earle

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Keep the skin petal fine and smooth through exposure to summer sun and salt breezes

WHETHER one acquires a tan or cherishes an exotic paleness, the skin needs special care to guard its smoothness from that early summer rough, blotchy look.

The Special Oil Mask Treatments at Marie Earle's luxurious Salon will keep your skin petal fine and satin smooth through summer days. Pure rich creams, special nourishing oils bring deepest tissue nourishment and refreshment that ease away every bit of tightness and roughness. Skilled stroking movements relax away the hot weather lines and droops, bring youth back in tingling circulation. Chilled and bracing tonics firm and enliven the skin, give it new smoothness and radiance. Your skin becomes so fine and supple that the exquisite Marie Earle make-up which is the fitting end to this perfect Treatment makes you as fresh and lovely as a June morning.

Salons at 660 Fifth Avenue, New York, and at Southampton, L. I.

IF you would have the smart, becoming color of outdoor life, use Marie Earle's sun-tanned make-up. Marie Earle's Liquid Powder for arms, neck and back, her Finishing Cream for the face and her Face Powder. There are two outdoor shades in each. Ochre for white skins and daytime use. Sunburn for evening or if you have a dark skin. The Liquid Powder wards off every burning ray of sunlight. You will find all the luxurious Marie Earle preparations at the smart shops.

peace Mr. Hearley believes isn't long for this world. His book is valuable because it states clearly the possible and probable issues of conflict between Italy's two powers. It also quotes speeches and writings from both sides which indicate that it will be a good fight when it gets started. Mr. Hearley's information seems sound, but his bias undermines some of the interest of the book. —A. W. S.

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AMONG THE NEW BOOKS

Fiction

The Seven Vices, by Guglielmo Ferrero (*Harcourt, Brace*). Novel of Rome in the eighteen-nineties; bouncing, vigorous, and entertaining.

Fish Preferred, by P. G. Wodehouse (*Doubleday, Doran*). The sort of book that makes your day.

Dark Duel, by Marguerite Steen (*Stokes*). Realistic picture of London's artistic set; and a good story.

A Man Scans His Past, by M. Constantin-Weyer (*Macaulay*). A Frenchman writes exceedingly well of his adventures in the Canadian Northwest. The Goncourt Prize novel of 1929.

Visitors to Hugo, by Alice Grant Rosman (*Minton, Balch*). Nice respectable reading for the veranda.

Portrait of a Spy, by E. Temple Thurston (*Doubleday, Doran*). Based on the adventures of Mata-Hari, and more convincing than the original.

Vivandière!, by Phoebe Fenwich Gaye (*Liveright*). Historical romance of the Grand Army in Russia. The background is real but the plot is movie.

Less recent:

The Lady of Laws, by Susanne Trautwein. Little Caesar, by W. R. Burnett. Crescendo, by Ethel Mannin. Pagan Interval, by Frances Winwar. The Mountain Tavern, by Liam O'Flaherty. Salt Water Taffy, by Corey Ford. Illusion, by Arthur Train. Tides, by Count Edouard von Keyserling. The Boroughmonger, by R. H. Mottram. Wolf Solent, by John Cowper Powys. No Love, by David Garnett. Young Mrs. Greeley, by Booth Tarkington. All Quiet on the Western Front, by Erich Maria Remarque. The King Who Was a King, by H. G. Wells. The Green Parrot, by Princess Marthe Bibesco. Loose Ladies, by Viña Delmar.

Mysteries

Some recent ones more or less entertaining

The Doctor Who Held Hands, by Hulbert Footner (*Doubleday, Doran*). . . .

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THE BEACH CLUB OF THE HOUR

The new Atlantic Beach Club already bids fair to become the summer capitol of hither Long Island. Its membership quota is fast being filled by people who recognize its excellence in every detail. Its large and beautiful club house, its perfect cuisine, its private beach and pool, and its wonderful location are among the advantages which make it heavily sought after.

IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT

Since this announcement is made to New Yorker readers only, it is essential that you send in inquiries immediately. Without obligation you will be supplied with complete information on the facilities of the club, costs, etc. The membership quota will not be exceeded, and only thoroughly desirable people will be considered for membership.

Address inquiries to box KEL, New Yorker, 25 West 45th Street.

ATLANTIC BEACH CLUB
ATLANTIC BEACH, L. I.

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RUDY VALLÉE
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SUPPER AND DANCING
DINNER DE LUXE TWO FIFTY
NO COVER CHARGE
SUNDAY DINNER COVER CHARGE DISCONTINUED FOR SUMMER
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250 PARK AVENUE
SUBLEASE 3600 SQ. FT.

This very desirable space is available in one of the most distinguished buildings in New York City. It has a finely panelled reception room, and ten private offices attractively partitioned. Ready for immediate occupancy. An opportunity to obtain exceptional office space at a most reasonable rental.

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Douglas L. Elliman & Co.
15 E. 49 St., Plaza 9200

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Bidding and the Club Convention by Harold S. Vanderbilt

Mr. Vanderbilt originated the present system of Contract Bridge scoring and the Club Convention. This book presents an original analysis of that Convention always played by Mr. Vanderbilt, and illustrates its extraordinary possibilities in both game and slam bidding. It is written for the Auction player of average ability, who is just taking up Contract, as well as for the advanced student of the game.

WITH COMPLETE RULES OF THE GAME

$2.50 *at all bookstores*

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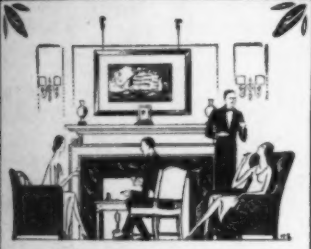

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at 65th Street
Edward H. Crandall
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A SCHOOL OF DISTINCTION
CORNWALL-ON-HUDSON, NEW YORK

Milton F. Davis
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BRIGADIER-GENERAL
SUPERINTENDENT

THE BLACK CAMEL, by Earl Derr Biggers (*Bobbs-Merrill*). . . . A TAP ON THE SHOULDER, by Morrison Dupree (*Doubleday, Doran*). . . . DETECTIVE DUFF UNRAVELS IT, by Harvey O'Higgins (*Liveright*). . . . THE BAGSHOT MYSTERY, by Oscar Gray (*Macaulay*). . . . THE GREEN TOAD, by W. S. Masterman (*Dutton*). . . . FROM DUSK TILL DAWN, by William Garrett (*Appleton*). . . . THE WEB OF MURDER, by Austin J. Small (*Doubleday, Doran*). . . . THE STING, by William Le Queux (*Macaulay*).

GENERAL

THE INTELLIGENT MAN'S GUIDE TO MARRIAGE AND CELIBACY, by Juanita Tanner (*Bobbs-Merrill*). An intelligent man doesn't need one. You are supposed to guess who the author is.

FROM DEAUVILLE TO MONTE CARLO, by Basil Woon (*Liveright*). Guidebook for those who will never go there.

POPE OR MUSSOLINI, by John Hearley (*Macaulay*). Anyway, the author is equally prejudiced against both of them.

WAR BUGS, by Charles MacArthur (*Doubleday, Doran*). Hitherto suppressed adventures of the Rainbow Division. Very funny slapstick comedy.

TRACKING DOWN THE ENEMIES OF MAN, by Dr. Arthur Torrance (*Sears*). Through Africa and Asia with gun and quinine.

JOHN D.; A Portrait in Oils, by John K. Winkler (*Vanguard Press*). Well-written biography of a winsome old gentleman. And a free new dime with every copy.

FOCH SPEAKS, by Major Charles Bugnet (*Dial Press*). Record of conversations between an aide-de-camp and his chief; an unusual insight into the character of a great man.

THE WATERS OF AFRICA, by Alfred Aloysius Horn and Ethelreda Lewis (*Simon & Schuster*). In which Trader Horn talks better than he writes.

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS WITH EARL HAIG, by Sergeant T. Secrett (*Duffield*). A military valet, with the eyes of a candid and observing child, writes about his master and a stirring era. Amusing and sometimes pathetic.

Less recent:

WHERE PARIS DINES, by Julian Street. THE MANSIONS OF PHILOSOPHY, by Will Durant. RATTLING THE CUP ON CHICAGO CRIME, by Edward D. Sullivan. ANDREW JOHNSON, by Lloyd Paul Stryker. A PREFACE TO MORALS, by Walter Lippmann. ON THE BOTTOM, by Commander Edward Ellsberg. TRAVELS IN THE CONGO, by André Gide. MYTHS AFTER LINCOLN, by Lloyd Lewis. ONE MAN'S WAR, by Lieutenants Bert Hall and John J. Niles.

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MRS. TIFFANY SAPORTAS was with Mrs. William Randolph Hearst and a lady who attracted much attention was Mrs. ago leaped overnight into interthe romantic attachment which Abruzzi, cousin of the King of William Hitt who, some years was developed for her by the national prominence because of Italy.—*The Evening Journal.*

That's Italy all over.

Twins

Twin Peaks of Perfection Both on the Fashionable East Side. . . . Both Distinctive in Every Way. . . . An Apartment in Either is near the Ultimate in Metropolitan Apartment Hotels

The **San Carlos**
HOTEL APARTMENT
150 East 50th St.

At the upper end of the Grand Central Zone in the smart "East Fifties." Suites are of 1, 2, and 3 rooms with foyers and service pantries. Windows are glazed with Vita-Glass which admits the unfiltered rays of the sun. Rentals include maid service, electric light and refrigeration, vacuum and window cleaning service.

Rentals Start at $1080

The **Dryden**
HOTEL APARTMENT
150 East 39th St.

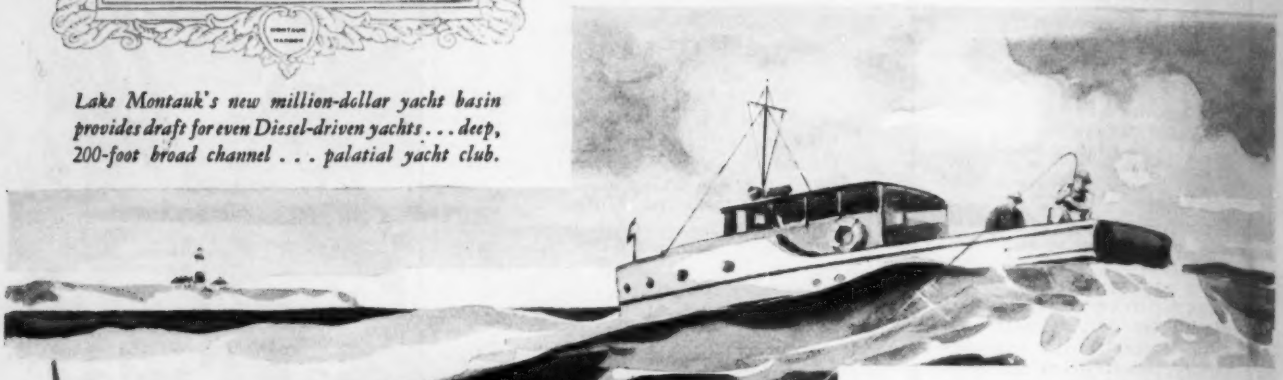
A new hotel apartment in the very heart of the Grand Central residential area. Suites are of 1, 2 and 3 rooms, with large foyers and practical service pantries. Rentals include maid service, electric light and refrigeration, vacuum and window cleaning service.

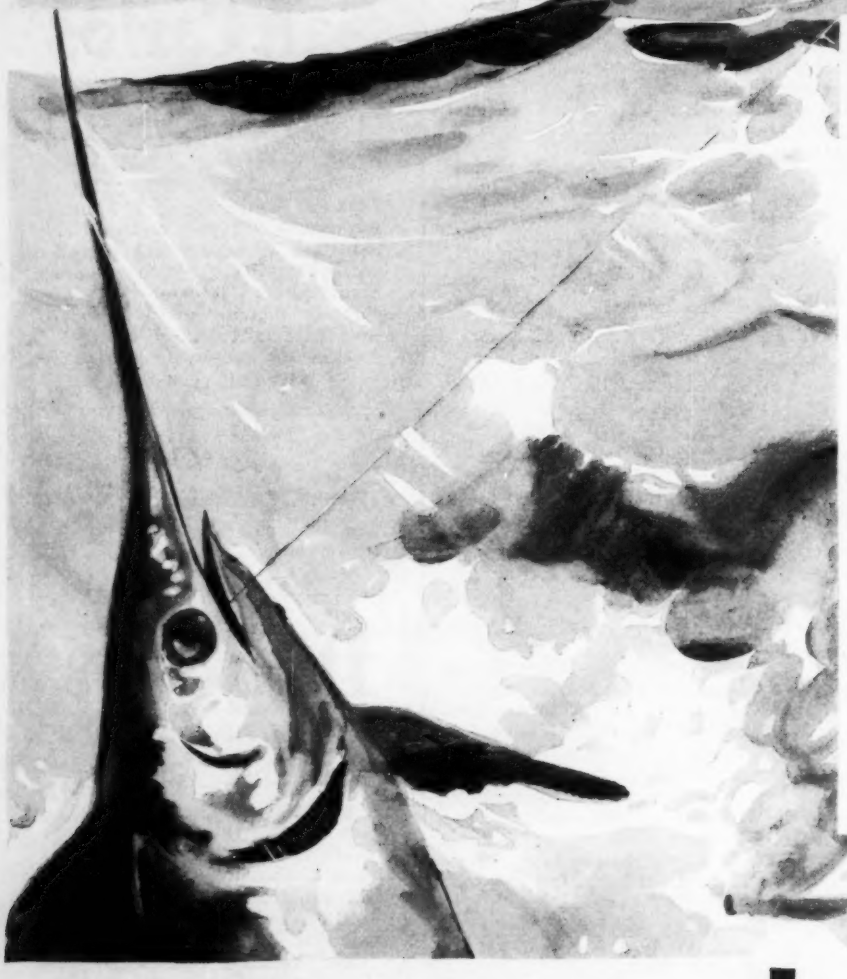
Rentals Start at $1080

Both of these houses are owner-managed. The manager at each house will be happy to show the vacant suites.

Giant Swordfish *and* Tuna
. . . only 3 hours from New York!

Lake Montauk's new million-dollar yacht basin provides draft for even Diesel-driven yachts . . . deep, 200-foot broad channel . . . palatial yacht club.





DURING July, August and September the big-game fish of the ocean come in abundance into the limpid blue waters off ultra-smart Montauk Beach. There is no off-season! Tuna and swordfish . . . world's champion tackle-smashers . are taken on rod and reel!

On cool, starry summer nights talk at the palatial Montauk Manor . . . the Island Sepper Club . . . the Montauk Yacht Club . . . vibrates with the day's battle of the century . . . of the record fish that got away.

Fishing, like everything else at this fashionable summer colony on Long Island's slender tip —125 miles out in the Atlantic Ocean—is found in de luxe form. Boats—the most modern fishing cruisers. Guides—experts who have fished all seas.

Yet fishing is but a single diversion. On Montauk's heather-clad downs are two superb 18-hole golf courses—replicas in soil, turf, setting and plan of Britain's best. A million-dollar yacht basin to shelter cruisers and yachts. Thirty miles of bridle paths . . . fox hunting . . . coaches-and-four . . . polo. A wide, gaily-lit boardwalk 1,600 feet long—and surf bathing 125 miles nearer the Gulf Stream. This summer . . . come with your family to Montauk Beach. The peerless spot for a summer home. 10 degrees cooler. Quickly accessible from New York by rail, motor and water.

Make reservations now at the Montauk Manor or write for full descriptive literature. Montauk Beach Development Corporation, Montauk, Long Island. New York Office, 450 East 52nd Street, Telephone Plaza 0783.

montauk beach

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GOODYEAR
Double Eagle

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